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## KING LEOPOLD.

IT is by no means unnatural that the health of the King of the BELGIANS should be a matter of interest and concern to Europe. His undoubted experience, and the sagacity with which it has been deservedly the custom to credit him, have long ago raised him to a position of no slight political importance. It has even been supposed that great political changes were being intentionally postponed until, in the course of nature, he should be no more. In this respect he has resembled, more or less, Prus IX. and the late Lord PALMERSTON. All three represented till recently the principle of maintaining things as they are, and might have taken for their several mottoes the maxim of the Roman poet — "Permitte Divis cetera." An English, a Belgian, and an Italian crisis might, not improperly, be thought the natural consequences of the termination of the life-tenancy of three men whose chief method of solving political problems was often to adjourn them. The King of the BELGIANS, over and above his discretion and his moderation, has enjoyed the advantage of some real popularity at home; and, considering the religious and political party conflicts that ordinarily rage in Belgium, this is saying not a little in his favour. Of late years, undesirable personal influences have been allowed to cloud his judgment, and to deprive him of the full confidence of his subjects; but a monarch who has reigned so well up to the very confines of senility may be pardoned if, at the close of an honourable life, his mild wisdom has shown symptoms of decay. There can be no question but that his death would be the signal for reasonable anxiety on the part of, and on account of, Belgium. During the whole of the spring and summer, gloomy forebodings have oozed out at intervals in the articles of the Belgian press and the common conversation of Belgian politicians. It is impossible for a Belgian to forget that his country lies, so to speak, under the very shadow of the French frontier, and that the Empire which has found it worth while to appropriate Savoy and Nice might think it convenient to moot, sooner or later, the project of a Belgian annexation. The floating rumours culminated not long ago in an important pamphlet, proceeding from the pen of a Belgian ex-Foreign Minister. Such sinister predictions as it contained were met with patriotic protestations on the part of the writer's fellow-countrymen, and with ridicule on the part of the French official press; but the suspicions thus formally shaped in words have never been laid to rest again, and the topic has continued to excite attention in every part of Europe.

To a small Power dependent for its existence on the forbearance of a powerful neighbour, and on the vigorous protection of distant and perhaps lukewarm allies, the present condition of Europe is not reassuring. The security of old European treaties, and even of acknowledged European guarantees, have fallen of late in general estimation. The country that has least to gain by ambitious violence, and that is most interested in the world's peace, is subsiding slowly, but unmistakably, into an avowed policy of non-intervention; and a large portion of the Continent has estopped itself by its own aggressions from complaining if the old European *status quo* is modified or shaken. Henceforward, a large part of Europe will be unable to affect a virtuous indignation, whatever the drama that is being enacted; and any State will in future, it seems, be permitted to indulge its desire of aggrandizement if it is only strong enough to defy, or reactionary enough to despise, the moral opinion of the rest. So long as King LEOPOLD lives, his many connections with European Powers, his knowledge of the world, and his familiarity with the various wire-pullers of the Continent make him a dangerous man to meddle with. But M. DÉCHAMPS is not singular in thinking that, when he is gone, Belgium will have few European friends on whom she may rely. The extension of the French frontiers

in the West of Europe can scarcely be a subject of concern to the Russian Empire. Russia is not likely again to commit the blunder of heading a holy alliance against French democracy; and whether Antwerp is a Dutch, a Belgian, or a French seaport is a matter of total indifference to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. Pique, perhaps, gave point to the distinct refusal with which, a few years back, the Russian EMPEROR met England's suggestions of a concerted protest against the absorption of the Piedmontese provinces; but there was as much sound sense as pique about the Russian view. All such protests are evidently vain unless backed by a determination, in the event of the failure of remonstrances, to draw the sword. For Russia to make war on France to preserve Savoy to Italy would have been as insane as for France to make war on Russia to please the tribes of the Caucasus. And Belgium asks herself, with some dismay, whether a Belgian annexation would be viewed with any less complacency by the Emperor ALEXANDER. On the side of Prussia, Belgium has still less to expect. M. BISMARCK naturally entertains little affection for a country which is, in his eyes, a nest of democrats. There is, moreover, a growing feeling in Prussia that it might be well to let France make her own terms; and to purchase, if possible, the whole seaboard of the Baltic at the price of allowing NAPOLEON III. to compensate himself elsewhere. There is no reason to suppose that the Prussians would not sooner sacrifice, twenty times over, a defenceless neighbour than relax their hold on those Rhenish provinces the loss of which would wound a susceptible national vanity. M. BISMARCK's recent visit to Paris has not escaped invidious comment and curiosity. The French press, indeed, with a comical show of dignity, was careful to tell us how scrupulously M. BISMARCK had refrained from tempting the virtue of the French nation. To use the words of HAMLET, perhaps it may be thought that "the lady doth protest too much." It is tolerably certain that the Prussian PREMIER's visit was connected with the endless subject of the Duchies of the Elbe. It is affectation to doubt that overtures have been made with the view of purchasing Austria's interest in the conquered territory, and M. BISMARCK has even been accused by scandal of an endeavour to force Austria to terms by closing against her the European Money-market. Russia would probably be appeased by the restoration to Denmark of the north of Schleswig. France would only remain to be contented; and M. BISMARCK is not the sort of man to labour under the impression that France requires no material compensation at so delicate a conjuncture. What, then, does he propose in the bottom of his heart to offer her? M. BISMARCK alone knows; but when he visits the French EMPEROR at Compiègne, it is not unnatural that Belgian patriots should feel uneasy.

The absorption of Belgium, from some points of view, would scarcely be of much benefit to the French nation. The neutrality of Belgium is a shield behind which, in case of a European conflict, France stands sheltered on the North. Provided that Belgium can make her neutrality respected, she protects the French frontier better and more cheaply than a French army of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Such has been the opinion of M. PERSIGNY and of M. THIERS, and the opinion is as sensible and rational as could be wished. No scheme for the partition of Belgium could make the French frontier as secure. Supposing even that the illusory plan for annexing to France the territory between the Scheld and the Meuse were carried into effect, France would still have lost something. It is true that upon paper her military position would be magnificent. In the case of a war with Great Britain, she would enjoy theoretically the advantage of an adjacent seaboard, intersected by navigable French rivers, without being exposed, on the other hand, to the discomfort of blockade. But, in fact, the Dutch, if they held Antwerp, could never remain neutral in such a contest. The first cannon-shot would be the signal for their joining one or other

of the belligerents; and France would take care that the choice was promptly exercised in her own favour. To give the French the Scheldt and the Meuse would, therefore, in reality be to give them Antwerp. Belgium, in such an event, must be held by French troops, and in all probability would again become the theatre of war. There are accordingly, in truth and in fact, but two real alternatives—whether Belgium is to exist, or to pass into the condition of a French province; and the latter would involve nearly as much loss of military advantage as it would gain. But the question of extension of the French frontier must not be considered solely, and would not certainly be decided, upon military grounds. Every windfall that comes to the French Empire has a tendency to strengthen the Imperial dynasty; and the annexation of Belgium, Savoy, and Nice, would be trophies to which any future BONAPARTE adventurer would be entitled to point with triumph as among the hereditary glories of his house. This is not so serious a reproach as it might seem. There are few Royal families upon the Continent that would not court a distinction of the kind, and that territorial greediness is not altogether a thing of remote antiquity which converted the Congress of Vienna, fifty years ago, into a banquet of Royal and Imperial harpies. For a new empire, like the French, the prestige of a policy of annexation is worth more, and the desire to obtain it would be more excusable. France might not care to have Belgium as a military position, or as a political investment; but it might be worth France's while to have it for an ornament, and a concession to her own vanity.

If the Belgians cared less about their national independence, it would be in greater peril. They do care about it, and they are right in so doing. As they are circumstanced at present, they present the unique spectacle of a free and industrious people, engaged in working out many difficult problems in religion and in politics, and sheltered from all the interruptions of war. Transformed into a knot of French departments, Belgium would in many ways be benefited; but she would exchange national self-government for government by prefects, and would buy a showy interest in the French flag at the ruinous price of partnership in French enterprise and adventure. And so long as the Belgians prefer remaining as they are, so long will it be very difficult for NAPOLEON III. to seize upon their territory. The French, in spite of all that JOHN BULL may think, are not a nation of brigands. They are a people with a good deal of nobility of nature, mixed up with egregious vanity, and lust of conquest, and intolerable arrogance. They are far too liberal and civilized not to blush at the idea of repeating the old follies of NAPOLEON III., and crushing the individuality of Belgium, without consulting Belgium's wishes. Universal suffrage does not mean much, but it means something; and the French, who have so persistently maintained that the Schleswigers and Holsteiners ought to be consulted about their own destiny, could not, and would not, assert that the opinions of the Belgians were totally beside the point. There is a large Republican party in name, which, with all its faults, has the merit of being cosmopolitan in its sympathies. This is, indeed, the best side of French Republicanism. It has a kind of impulsive and generous interest in many causes which it has been the hereditary policy of successive French statesmen to consider antagonistic to the best interests of France. M. THIERS, M. GUIZOT, and perhaps the Emperor of the FRENCH are superior in many respects to the wild and enthusiastic French Democrat; but if they are exempt from his failings, they are deficient in some of his virtues. The same popular feeling which defends, in France, the cause of Italy against the traditional prejudices of French statesmen, would, if necessary, espouse the cause of Belgium.

#### MR. BRIGHT AND THE TORIES.

MR. BRIGHT, in his strange and indiscriminating invective against the Tories, has shown that he is, after all, only a sort of Tory reversed, possessed of the true old Tory spirit, and as alien in temper to the bulk of Liberal Englishmen as the most bigoted old Tory of the LIVERPOOL and ELDON days would seem if he were to try to take part in the affairs of this generation. Exactly as the genuine, impracticable, inextinguishable old Tory seriously believed that any one who differed from him, and who suggested that there might be changes for the better in the glorious British Constitution, was to be hated as a villain unless he was to be pitied as a maniac, so MR. BRIGHT thinks—and evidently thinks from the bottom of his heart—that those who sit on the wrong benches of the House of Commons are wholly given up to evil things, are the destroyers and enemies of their

country, and are a mass of living corruption from the scalp of their heads to the soles of their feet. This mode of viewing men and their opinions is almost obsolete in this day. If there is any parallel to be found for it, it is perhaps in the way in which MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. WHALLEY regard Roman Catholic priests. These gentlemen will stand none of the nonsensical sentimentalizing tomfoolery of people who look at times and places and circumstances; who examine whether all priests are bad; who ask whether English priests are not better than Spanish priests, and whether institutions that were very bad once, and in other countries, may not be neutralized by the counteracting influences of a free Protestant country. MR. BRIGHT, in the same way, declines altogether to look at the Tories as they are—at the objects they now have before them, at the good they can do, at the evil which they are restrained from inflicting. A Tory is to him, in his unalterable essence, a bad, mischievous man; and is consequently as much to be abjured, detested, and loathed by every honest man as a Prelatist was hated by an old Scotch Covenanter. And just as a Covenanter, although he happened to be fighting against those who were attempting to impose by force a creed on a population that shrank from it, had not the slightest wish to uphold religious liberty or to found a better system of government, so MR. BRIGHT, although he curses, like ERNULPHUS, every one who is not a Liberal, has no turn for Liberal thoughts, nor any desire to appeal to that fair reasoning, or to promote that liberal spirit of judging of men and things, which ought to be the especial aim of the Liberal party if it deserves the name. And what especially roused MR. BRIGHT's indignation, and moved him to even exceptional vehemence, was what he considered the apostasy of certain great towns of the North, which, being within the blessed light of commerce and manufactures, had actually sinned against light, and had returned two benighted Tories to Parliament. He mourned over the apostasy, and rebuked it, exactly as old Tories of a bygone generation mourned over the presumptuous folly and the terrible backsliding of those who walked in the ways of CANNING and PEEL, instead of following the narrow, honest, straight, and honourable path of a genuine, besotted, bigoted Toryism. It is not too much to say, that to think as MR. BRIGHT does—so entirely to ignore all shades of thought, all changes of time and men and parties—is to go back half a century in political wisdom, and to reproduce the worst side of the political life that was seen in England fifty years ago.

Much of what MR. BRIGHT says is unquestionably true. Very few Tories themselves now doubt that it is for the good of the country that their party failed in its opposition to many excellent measures which, within the last forty years, have given peace and prosperity to the nation. In recent times the Liberal party has done much more for the general good than the Tory party has done; and even now there are changes which the Liberal party is pledged to make, and which the Tory party is pledged to resist, but which, as it appears to us, are defended by better arguments than those by which they are opposed. So long, too, as MR. DISRAELI leads the Tory party, it is, we think, much more creditable to the country that public affairs should be under the guidance of men of a different stamp. But the ancient history of the Tories no more affects our judgment of the Tories of the present day than the ancient history of the Whigs affects our judgment of Lord RUSSELL's Cabinet. It puts us on our guard, but that is all. If we find that either party is not as it once was, we let bygones be bygones. The past history of Lord RUSSELL made it not improbable that, if he ever got power again, he would job right and left for his relations; that he would have none but the driest, dreariest old Whigs in office; and that he would exclude every one who did not belong to the wide-spread Whig connection. But when it was seen that Lord RUSSELL took a different line, and invited men so unlike cut and dry young Whigs as MR. FORSTER and MR. GOSCHEN to join his Ministry, it was quite clear that either he had grown wiser, or that the times were too strong for him and that the days of Whig jobbery and exclusiveness were past. The Tories might be supposed, by a person who knew nothing whatever of them, to be still hankering after Protection, still anxious to shut out Dissenters from Parliament, still longing to plunge England in bloody wars, in order that the younger sons of decent families might gain more easily that splendid remuneration which a grateful nation offers to subordinate officers of the line. But, as a matter of fact, Tories neither wish for these things nor dream of them. They merely wish to represent the other side of the argument to that which MR. BRIGHT adopts on some questions still undetermined. They may be arguing



on the wrong side sometimes, but at any rate they argue in the modern fashion, and appeal to the principles on which the modern world is prepared to act. They are so far more liberal than Mr. BRIGHT that they offer to make political changes a matter of fair and temperate argument. They do not even say that Mr. BRIGHT is bad and traitorous, and altogether blind, but they say that what he urges on the acceptance of the country will do infinitely more harm than good. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, for example, spoke the other day of politics in a much more liberal way than that in which Mr. BRIGHT treated them at Blackburn, for he was only intent on proving that the effects of a sweeping Reform Bill would be mischievous, and it is quite open to any one to prove this if he can.

All questions of the change or retention of political institutions are purely questions of expediency, and impartial people are only concerned, not that this Ministry should be in or out, not that an audience at Blackburn should be rapturous, or that an audience at Worcester should experience that gentle pleasure which a congenial speech gives after dinner in a provincial town, but that the view of expediency which is upheld by the best arguments should prevail, and that it should prevail because those to whom political power is entrusted think those arguments the best. The three towns over whose backsliding Mr. BRIGHT mourns have apostatized simply because the electors either consider that the arguments of those who think differently from Mr. BRIGHT are better than the arguments of those who think with him, or because they are inclined to place greater personal confidence in his opponents than in his friends. It is inevitable, in politics, that men should sometimes judge, not by express reasoning, but by that condensed reasoning which they conceive to be expressed in a representative man. The electors of those three towns have possibly compared what they think of Mr. BRIGHT with what they think of Lord DERRY, and have come to the conclusion that it is not Mr. BRIGHT but Lord DERRY who comes nearest to what, in a dim, vague way, they conceive to be the truth. And it is also inevitable that more importance should be attached to this personal view of politics than it deserves, for it is the readiest means of judging roughly; and most electors are incapable of anything more than a very rough judgment. Mr. BRIGHT is exactly the kind of rude, telling, salient argument against a Reform Bill that ordinary men love to get hold of. They might find it difficult to say, in apt language, that they should not like to have the control of the country handed over entirely to men who have no reverence for the past, no allowance for prejudices, no wish to meet and understand the views of their opponents, no perception of the necessity to give a free country nothing but what it both wishes for and knows that it wishes. They would find it very difficult to say all this at length, but they can put it very shortly in a way that typifies their meaning quite plainly to themselves and their friends, and can say that they do not wish England to be governed by Mr. BRIGHT, and by men like him. Mr. BRIGHT says that the Tories are a decaying faction; but he has done his best to arrest their decay by supplying them with an effective, popular, and homely argument—the argument that if the country lets him do as he wishes, it must let him, and such men as he is, guide it. And although the argument, in its broader and coarser form, is merely a popular one, and those who are accustomed to a larger judgment do not feel much fear of Mr. BRIGHT, yet they dislike, as much as the fiercest Essex Tory could, the extreme illiberality of spirit in which he deals with political questions. It is not the advocacy of extreme opinions that alienates them—for it may be most useful to a country so disposed as England is to sink into self-complacent indolence, that men who honestly hold extreme opinions should advocate them in a powerful and striking manner—but they are alienated when he addresses them, because, above all things, they dislike the advocacy of liberal measures in a perverse, one-sided, and illiberal manner.

#### THE QUEEN.

THE announcement that HER MAJESTY is about to resume the ceremonial duties of her station has been received with unmixed gratification by all classes of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. To the London tradesman it has the same sort of interest that the restoration of the cotton supply has to the operatives in Lancashire. The populace of London sight-seers will look upon the prospect of a Royal opening of Parliament as a restoration of their traditional and legitimate aliment, after a long starvation upon the husks of GARIBALDI processions and Cardinal's funerals. And the

fashionable world, which has been indignant at being put off so long with princesses under age or wandering German Royalities, will feel that due consideration is at length paid to its slighted consequence, and will look forward to a season of unparalleled salutation. But beyond these favoured classes, whose thirst for the Royal presence cannot be credited with any very patriotic origin, there will be large numbers who will welcome the return of the QUEEN to public life with a genuine satisfaction, wholly unconnected with any taste for Royal processions or Court balls. The British Constitution is such an odd compromise, so fertile in material and moral advantage, so obnoxious to theoretical objection, that those who recognise its blessings are prone to an anxiety, which may sometimes be over-sensitive, lest anything should happen to weaken the hold that it possesses upon the affections of the people. Among the many advantages of monarchy, it has this undoubted drawback—that the office can hardly, in the popular mind, be separated from the person that bears it. If the members of the House of Commons are in bad odour, the institution itself does not necessarily share their unpopularity. But if affection towards the Sovereign is weakened, there is always a risk that the Crown likewise will suffer in popular estimation. On the other hand, every virtue displayed by the Sovereign fixes more deeply in the affections of the nation the form of government he represents. No Sovereign for generations—it may be said for centuries—has done more, by personal conduct and character, to perpetuate the Monarchy than the present QUEEN. There seemed at one time a cause for fear, when the great grief of her life overtook her, and left her desolate and alone on her solitary height, that the well-balanced judgment which had never failed before might be permanently disturbed, and that the excess of grief would cloud from her sight the goal of public duty which had been for twenty years so undeviatingly pursued. Indeed there was nothing strange in the desire for seclusion, and the shrinking from public ceremonial, in which the QUEEN'S grief has shown itself during the last four years. The duties of representation are, however, necessary, and no form of government has yet been devised in which they can be avoided altogether. Even General GRANT, who, at once as soldier and Republican, might prefer a claim for exemption, has to submit to them in their most uncomfortable form. But, of all duties, they are the most odious to a mind dispirited by sorrow. To an English Sovereign the ceremonials of a Court are not even the symbols of a reality. They do not command respect, or claim tolerance, as the outward signs of the power on the one side, and the submissiveness on the other, which they seem to represent. The absolute authority of English Sovereigns has long since passed away; the forms which it suggested, and which, while it lasted, were full of meaning, have alone survived. Their unreality imposes upon few people, and it has become so familiar that it has ceased even to be a mark for satire. But to sensitive minds, in the condition in which they are left by an overwhelming grief, any hollow formality is peculiarly intolerable. It was not, therefore, a matter of wonder that the QUEEN should have shrunk from it, or that, after the two years of mourning were completed, she should have found it difficult for the time to persuade herself to reappear in the midst of a pageant that had become distasteful. The fears that were naturally entertained that this reluctance should turn out to be permanent have happily proved groundless. The great example to which HER MAJESTY was constantly looking back has sustained her in her effort to do violence to her own feelings. It cannot be hoped that, for some time to come, it will be otherwise than painful to her to look on again at the scenes in which she will miss what was to her the central figure. But if that pain is the measure of the sacrifice now, it will also be the measure of the gratitude of those on whose behalf it is made, and of the satisfaction with which, later, she will look back to it herself.

The juncture which the QUEEN has selected for returning among her subjects is one that calls for her presence among them more than any that has occurred during the years of her retirement. The statesman whom the nation followed with unwavering allegiance has passed away. Knotty questions of foreign politics, which belonged more fittingly to the Council Chamber than to the deliberations of any assembly upon which public opinion could directly act, have been solved now. They served for a time to divert men's minds from domestic matters, though the public voice had little share in settling them. Another political era appears to be commencing. Amid the wreck of parties, domestic questions of the most vital import to the commonwealth are surging to the surface; and in the doubt and uncertainty which prevail, there

is no leader to whom men can turn in full confidence to guide them. What changes in our institutions may be in store for us are hidden from us by a veil that the keenest eyes cannot pierce; but whatever they may be, it may be feared that we are not advancing to them with instructed and deliberate purpose, but are drifting into them helplessly. Men are naturally doubting whether the measures which rumour foreshadows can be accomplished without many severe struggles, or whether the present Ministry, in its present form, will succeed in carrying them through. It may well be that, many times in the course of the conflict that appears to be impending, HER MAJESTY may have occasion to exercise her constitutional prerogative of selecting her advisers anew; and that the part which the Monarch plays in the Constitution may be brought more prominently before the eyes of the people than it has been for many years past. If such should be the result of our lack of true leaders in a crisis so momentous to the future destiny of our institutions, it is of the highest importance that the contact between the Sovereign and her subjects should be as frequent and as complete as possible. A ruler who is striving, at great personal sacrifice, to perform the duties of her station, has a claim to affectionate confidence which would not be accorded to one who shrank from every unwelcome effort. A Queen who lives in the sight of her subjects, and encourages, by residence among them, the expression of their instinctive loyalty, lays up for herself a store of kindly feeling against days of difficulty and misunderstanding which political vicissitudes may bring.

Be the prospects before us fair or gloomy, they cannot fail to be improved by the step which the QUEEN is now taking. That she can give as much of her time as she formerly did to public duties, either formal or administrative, everyone knows to be impossible. Much of the work which she used to support with ease, when powerful assistance was at her hand, must, now that she is alone and unaided, of necessity fall on others. But her people will not the less heartily rejoice that the familiar knowledge of their Sovereign which they enjoyed in the earlier years of her reign will in some degree be renewed. And the example she is setting of self-sacrificing exertion will not fail to read a wholesome lesson, in this age of self-seeking indolence, to numbers who have no claim to repose such as she might, if she had pleased, have urged.

#### JAMAICA.

SOME of the speakers at a meeting held a few days ago at Brighton, to discuss the recent events in Jamaica, satisfied themselves, and perhaps their audience, by alleging that Mr. EYRE was convicted, by his own despatch, of injustice and cruelty. According to the law of England, not even the most deliberate confession supersedes the necessity of proving that a crime has been actually committed. The GOVERNOR of Jamaica made too bad a case for himself to be summarily condemned. He must have known of some apology which he would have urged in self-defence if he had thought that his conduct required explanation. COLERIDGE's rule of criticism is still more applicable to judicial decisions:—"Until you understand an author's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding." Until Governor EYRE's satisfaction with his own proceedings is made intelligible, unqualified condemnation is at least premature. It must not be forgotten that his statement was addressed, like other official despatches, not to the readers of newspapers, but to the SECRETARY of STATE, who is not hitherto known to have disavowed the measures for which he will be responsible. From references to former communications it may be collected that the Government had, some time before the troubles of October, been furnished with evidence of a negro conspiracy against the white population. The GOVERNOR and the Assembly assumed the existence of the danger, without deeming it necessary to furnish proofs of facts which were apparently accepted as notorious. Their English accusers have for the moment a logical advantage, but in public controversies the triumph of logic generally implies indifference to accuracy of detail. At Brighton, Mr. FAWCETT properly reserved his right to judge of the Jamaica proceedings in his place in Parliament. His opinion that there has been "a terrible slaughter," "a barbarity which never occurred in the time of the blackest pages of history," is therefore to be considered hypothetical and interlocutory. Mr. CORNUM and Mr. WHITE were not equally scrupulous, and, if it were prudent to form precipitate conclusions after hearing half a story, few occasions have occurred in which impatient indignation could find a better excuse. To an appeal in favour of hearing the other side, the speakers

at Manchester and Brighton may object that, in the present instance, the defendant has had the first word. Every account which has reached England has proceeded from the GOVERNOR, from the military officers, or from journalists who applaud every act of executive vigour. Only cold-blooded inquirers after truth are likely to discover that the key to the entire transaction has not yet been found. Philanthropic orators who are bursting with irrepressible wrath may also defend themselves by the example of Mr. EYRE's not less eager advocates. Lord ELCHO, like Mr. BUXTON and Mr. WHITE, finds it impossible to be silent, and is in a hurry to assert, before he can be certain of the fact, that a dangerous conspiracy has been repressed, and that a great public service has been requited with calumny and injustice. In modern, as in primeval, times the tongue is an unruly member, and it is pain and grief to keep silence even from bad or unnecessary words.

Whatever may be the result of fuller inquiry, there will be no difference of opinion as to the propriety of flogging men as a preliminary to hanging them. It is a hazardous thing to entrust to two or three young officers uncontrolled power of life and death, and, unless the Courts-Martial have been grossly calumniated by admiring reporters, the levity and credulity of the members are as conspicuous as their extravagant severity. Yet in one instance, at least, the GOVERNOR himself discouraged a variation from their ordinary practice, when a Court-Martial, after condemning three men and one woman to death, recommended that the sentence of the woman should be commuted. The GOVERNOR approved the sentence, with the exception of the recommendation to mercy, and all the four prisoners were hanged. He is also personally responsible for the transfer of GORDON from Kingston, where civil jurisdiction was still paramount, to Morant Bay, for the express purpose of bringing the prisoner within reach of martial law. It is unnecessary to form a hasty opinion as to the legal fitness of remanding an alleged criminal from the place in which he committed the supposed offence to the district in which its consequences showed themselves. GORDON had written a letter at Kingston, which was connected by the Court-Martial with the outbreak at Morant Bay. He might perhaps be held constructively guilty of a crime perpetrated elsewhere at his instigation; but, as he might undoubtedly have been tried in the ordinary course of law at Kingston, it was highly improper to prefer the wild justice of a Court-Martial. If the jurymen of Kingston resemble the members of the Assembly, there would have been no difficulty in obtaining a conviction on the smallest possible evidence; and the GOVERNOR himself, by exempting the capital from the martial law which was applied to the surrounding country, fully admitted that at Kingston there was no impediment to the administration of regular justice. The execution of Mr. LAWRENCE, who was GORDON's agent or manager, seems to have been exceptionally justified or excused by some evidence of probable guilt. It appears that LAWRENCE had warned one of the victims of Morant Bay that there would be danger in attending the meeting of the 9th of October, and he added that the life of the Custos, Baron VON KETTELHOLDT, would probably be sacrificed. If the Court-Martial took the trouble to ascertain that the remark about the Custos was uttered before the outbreak, it would seem to follow that LAWRENCE was privy to a conspiracy. Although his humanity to his friend cost him his life, it is a relief to find that in the case of one prisoner there was something like a proof of complicity. There is, indeed, in all the other reports, including the GOVERNOR's despatch, no attempt to establish, by direct or circumstantial evidence, the existence of the diabolical plot.

Governor EYRE's most enthusiastic partisans have abandoned the defence of his attempt to fasten the guilt of the riot on Dr. UNDERHILL. The extremely innocent letter which was supposed to have prompted an imaginary massacre was addressed to no more atrocious a rebel than Mr. CARDWELL, who aided Dr. UNDERHILL's bloodthirsty designs by forwarding the document to Mr. EYRE. The GOVERNOR then proceeded to disseminate the poison in the island, though he afterwards furnished an antidote, in the form of a concise lecture on political economy by Mr. CARDWELL himself. The official fatalism through which the publication of the letter in Jamaica was attributed to Dr. UNDERHILL has not passed into the popular creed. The outside world cannot persuade itself that Secretaries of State and Governors of Colonies are compelled, by some irresistible necessity, to circulate all incendiary documents which have been once forwarded to Downing Street. As nearly every letter which is addressed, on any subject, to the Times is as revolutionary as Dr. UNDERHILL's



essay on the grievances of Jamaica, it seems probable that the fatal effects of publication were not foreseen either in London or at Kingston. Dr. UNDERHILL has since collected, in the form of a pamphlet, several reports and resolutions of public meetings which were occasioned by his letter. The most elaborate summary of grounds of complaint is furnished by the Baptist ministers, who truly state that their interests are identified with the welfare of the peasantry. It is unnecessary to inquire whether their theories about the causes of distress in Jamaica are sound; for their language is perfectly calm, loyal, and respectful, and they address their remarks, not to the negroes, but to the GOVERNOR and the Colonial Office. One of their complaints is, that the punishment for petty thefts is not sufficiently severe, that the negro culprit escapes too lightly with a flogging, and that the prisons are much too comfortable. A more singular method of exciting the sympathy of the class which would be foremost in a rebellion can scarcely be suggested.

The Government has prudently yielded to the general demand for full investigation. It would have been wise, perhaps, on the first receipt of the news to have published some of the information which must be within the exclusive knowledge of the Colonial Office. Both parties in the controversy have guessed too hastily and too long, and even the dispassionate minority which wishes only to ascertain the truth is perplexed by the one-sided character of the singularly monotonous confessions of functionaries who unconsciously describe themselves as criminals. Lord ELCHO's blood boils, when people sitting comfortably in arm-chairs at home find fault with indiscriminate flogging and hanging reported by judges and executioners who think that no explanation of these vigorous measures will be required or expected. It is better to consider political questions with as little ebullition of the blood as may be practicable; but if people in armchairs—or, in other words, disinterested spectators—are to let their blood boil, the gallows and the whipping-post furnish a kind of excuse for sympathetic excitement. At present it is only known that twenty-two persons have been killed in a fight, and two more with less excuse, and that an enormous number of blacks have been punished without any legal investigation of their share in the outrage.

#### AUSTRIA.

AS the time for opening the Hungarian Diet approaches, it becomes more certain that the KING earnestly desires to complete his reconciliation with his Magyar subjects. Painful experience has taught him the mistake of attempting to govern by division a country in which the most vigorous and powerful race is bent upon national unity. In the Diets of the Slavonic provinces, the influence of the Crown has for the first time been employed to soften down local jealousies, and to secure a complete representation of all portions of the Kingdom at Pesth. It is not surprising that the prospect of a Hungarian triumph should be distasteful to a part of the outlying population. A wiser policy has prevailed with the German colonists of Transylvania, and the Diet of that province has decided on sending representatives to Pesth; but the Slavonic inhabitants of the border districts have little interest in the patriotic traditions of Hungary, and even in Western Europe their discontent is expressed by a certain class of professedly Liberal writers. Foreigners at a distance can form but an imperfect judgment of the merits of the long-standing controversy; but it is certain that some of the grievances once alleged against Hungary have long since been redressed. When the national agitation against Austria began, in the latter days of METTERNICH's rule, the Magyar leaders unwisely substituted their own language for the neutral Latin which had been previously spoken in the Diet. To the majority of the subjects of the Hungarian Crown the change was a symbol of disfranchisement, or at best of a permanent inequality of political rights. In Central Hungary the bulk of the people habitually acquiesced in Magyar supremacy; but Transylvania, and Croatia, and the Roumans of the South-Eastern frontier were prepared to support Austria against their overbearing neighbours when the war of 1848 broke out. The concession which was then made of equal rights to all Hungarian subjects was offered only under the visible pressure of extreme political need. As a well-informed writer, who opposes the Hungarian claims, forcibly remarks:—"Ancient sense of wrong, and modern theories of nationality, and the influence of the Court of Austria, had all combined to stir up in the majority of these races a spirit of opposition to the Magyars and Magyarism, which even real concession would have been too late to quench."

On the other hand, it may be observed that the influence of Austria has now been shifted into the opposite scale, and that modern theories of nationality are counterbalanced by a desire for political concentration and national independence. When a tribe is not numerous enough to form a separate State, it consults its own interests by amalgamation with some suitable neighbour. The Welsh and the Highlanders are as remote in blood and language from the English as the Wallachians from the Magyars, but their importance would not be increased if they were governed in separate principalities. The Slavonic provinces are not strong enough to contend alone with the Austrian Government, and they must choose between annexation to Hungary and the absence of all security for constitutional freedom. It is possible that the Magyars might have been well advised in confining their demands to Hungary Proper, but there is little use in protesting against the unanimous opinion of a nation.

While the Croats are hesitating whether they shall send representatives to Pesth, the Diets of the hereditary German provinces are not unreasonably inquiring into the fate of the Constitution of 1860. It is generally understood in modern times that, even if the Crown has authority to create a Constitution, the gift, when it has once been made, is essentially irrevocable. The KING of PRUSSIA himself shrinks from abolishing the House of Deputies, although he adopts budgets and reorganizes the army by the exercise of an assumed prerogative. The Patent which created the Council of the Empire prescribed no term to the existence of a representative system, and it was not supposed that a second Imperial letter, dated five years later, could operate as a practical revocation of the grant. A deeper feeling of indignation would have been roused if the sittings of the Council had been suspended for the purpose of restoring absolute government; but the EMPEROR is believed to have acted in good faith, and the abortive or dormant Constitution suffered under the inherent defect of resembling a Permissive Bill. As some of the principal parts of the monarchy refused to adopt the provisions of the Patent, it was impossible to collect a Parliament which would have really represented the Empire. If the Hungarians were to be conciliated, it was necessary that the Crown should enter unfettered into the negotiation, and there is reason to believe that, when the great controversy is settled, the Western Provinces will be provided with some new form of representation. Nevertheless, it is impossible to dispute the justice of the complaint that a Constitution lasting during pleasure is almost wholly worthless. The German subjects of Austria still cling to the vain hope of a homogeneous monarchy, which in truth became impossible as soon as the EMPEROR ceased to exercise absolute power; but the remonstrances of the provincial Diets will probably be unheeded as long as there is a hope of effecting a compromise with Hungary. In Bohemia, the Council of the Empire, and the Constitution of which it formed a principal element, have never been generally popular; and the Poles of Galicia also have little interest in the existence of a Parliament which, in the absence of Hungarian deputies, necessarily contained a German majority. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Federalists have prevailed both at Prague and at Lemberg. The Austrian Government has lately courted its Polish subjects, and it is supposed that it regards with suspicion the intrigues of Russia with the Ruthenian inhabitants of Galicia. If the Diet of Pesth proves to be manageable, the proposed arrangement will not be defeated by the opposition of the remaining portions of the Empire.

It is said that the Hungarian election has resulted in the return of a majority of the Moderate party. The Crown will, therefore, have to deal with Mr. DEAK and his political associates, and probably both the EMPEROR and the Diet will share a genuine wish for a successful and final settlement of the dispute. Although the champions of an ancient Constitution seem to despots obstinate and impracticable, there is a great convenience in negotiating on a definite basis. Legal rights admit of adjudication, while political bargains are determined rather by the relative resources of the parties to the contract than by justice or convenience. The leaders of the Diet will insist on an acknowledgment of the continuity of Hungarian rights, on the maintenance of the ancient capitulations with the Crown, and on the observance of the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction; and when the principle of their demands is conceded, the Hungarians will perhaps not be unreasonable in the determination of their future relations, through their common Sovereign, to the Austrian Empire. Sensible statesmen never affect rigorous logic, nor push their doctrines to extremes. Although the

Hungarians have theoretically to do with their King alone, they cannot pretend to forget that he has several millions of subjects on the other side of the Wartha. It is evident that Hungary cannot be at peace when Austria is at war, and that for many purposes the Hungarian Diet must take into consideration the circumstances and general policy of the entire Monarchy. It is no inconsiderable advantage, especially in modern times, to form part of one of the principal European Powers. The Magyars are among the most spirited races of the world, but, notwithstanding their military and political qualities, they are not strong enough to stand alone. There is still, perhaps, a remaining sentiment of personal attachment to the House of Hapsburg. The ruin of the Hungarian cause was precipitated in 1849 by Kossuth's imprudent renunciation of the reigning dynasty. The nation appears to have entertained no love for a republican form of government, and there is fortunately no rival pretender to the throne.

If the experiment succeeds, the fortunate result of the negotiation will be announced to the world by the performance of the long-delayed ceremony of the coronation. Until he has taken the constitutional oath, the King of HUNGARY reigns by an imperfect title, although open resistance to his authority ceased with the defeat or surrender of the insurgent armies in 1849. If FRANCIS JOSEPH returns from Pesth the constitutional Sovereign of a loyal Kingdom, his present advisers will have deserved well of Austria, as well as of Hungary. Their predecessors were, in a certain sense, more liberal in their opinions and policy, as far as they relied on the support of a representative Assembly; but when Hungary is once satisfied, it will not be impossible to devise a reasonable Constitution for the German provinces, and for Bohemia and Galicia. The Committees which still superintend the financial administration are themselves relics of Parliamentary government, and, even in the absence of a Constitution, the EMPEROR virtually admits that the money-market is closed to absolute rulers. If, unfortunately, the Hungarian Diet separates without coming to terms with the Crown, another provisional period must be interposed before the Monarchy can attain a condition of stable equilibrium. The SCHWARTZENBERG theory, that Hungary was held by right of conquest, has long been abandoned, and it would be absurd once more to propose a general representation of the Eastern and Western provinces. As long as the Hungarians are dissatisfied, Austria will be paralysed in dealing with foreign affairs, and Prussia will be at liberty to remodel the system of Germany without fear of intervention on the part of her ancient rival. On this ground the German subjects of the Imperial Crown ought to be prepared to make considerable sacrifices to facilitate an arrangement with Hungary.

#### THE FENIAN TRIALS.

THE first scene of the last act of the Fenian drama has been completed by the conviction and sentence of Mr. LUBY, the proprietor and editor of the *Irish People*, and his illustrious contributor, Mr. O'LEARY. The gravity of the judicial proceedings, the interest felt in the result, the care and skill displayed both by the prosecution and the defence, and, above all (in LUBY's case), the prisoner's last speech and the weighty sentence of the Judge, have for the moment given a seeming importance to one of the most childish conspiracies that were ever hatched, even in Ireland. It is impossible not to have a sort of pity for LUBY, wicked and mischievous as his designs were. Unlike almost the whole body of his confederates, he seems to have been a man of ability and education, and his address to the Court was that of a gentleman. How such a man could have proved himself so stupendous an idiot as to imagine that he could upset the British Government with a few hundreds of Fenian B's and C's, and their motley comrades (including of course those who were duly accredited to the police), is one of those puzzles that no one out of Ireland need attempt to solve. After SMITH O'BRIEN, one can perhaps comprehend how far intense vanity can carry a man not otherwise devoid of intelligence. But LUBY is not altogether intelligible on this principle. Head-Centre STEPHENS does, indeed, seem to have inherited some of the estimable weaknesses of his former master. His defiance of the British Government, and his magniloquent determination to ignore British law, was as good in its way as the finest coruscations of SMITH O'BRIEN's conceit; and we are not sure that his final "I have spoken" was not an improvement on the best manner of the wordy patriots of 1848. But there is nothing of this apparent in the last appearance of the prisoner LUBY. His anxiety to clear himself from any design of assassination was evidently genuine: his consideration for his

yet untried accomplices restrained his speech within the bounds of moderation; and, with the exception of a slightly claptrap appeal to an imaginary host of 300,000 followers to vindicate his memory, there really was not a symptom to account for the madness of which he had been guilty, or to explain by what mental process he had become at once a Fenian and a fool.

Except as a study of a very unusual example of the order "Irish Rebel," these trials have presented but few points of interest. The facts were proved so completely as to leave no opening for defence except by taking the hopeless points of law on which Mr. BUTT vainly wasted his ingenuity, and by working up with higher finish than usual the familiar denunciations of detectives and approvers. One novelty, indeed, of surpassing boldness was, we believe, produced for the first time in the history of State Trials. Gravely and earnestly Mr. BUTT insisted that the crime of his client was condoned by the quiescence of the Government during the first incubation of the Fenian mare's-nest. It was undoubtedly true that, with the assistance of gentlemen like Mr. NAGLE, the police had followed the threads of the conspiracy, almost from its commencement, until the designs of the leaders were sufficiently matured to supply the means of certain conviction. With a judgment that cannot be too highly praised, the authorities were careful not to risk that most mischievous of all catastrophes, an unsuccessful State Trial; and their prudence is met by Mr. BUTT's indignant denunciation of the wickedness of lying by while treason was being concocted. The argument almost went the length of making the LORD-LIEUTENANT a tacit accomplice of the conspirators whom he declined to prosecute until the evidence was complete; but it was not Mr. BUTT's fault that this ingenious novelty was about the best plea that could be urged on the prisoner's behalf. Other defence there was none, and, though no one would object to any names which the eloquence of Mr. BUTT might fix upon the spy NAGLE, it must be remembered that without spies it is not easy to prove a case of secret conspiracy. It was a pretty bit of declamation to call PIERCE NAGLE "a living and incarnate liar—an informer of the blackest dye—a thrice-dyed liar and thrice-dyed traitor." It is true that, if a man is a liar at all, he can hardly help being a "living and incarnate liar," unless he first commits suicide, and then gives evidence, after the manner of spirits, by making tables rap and furniture creak. Still, the phrase may pass, though its force was somewhat weakened for the purpose of the defence by the awkward fact that the documents in evidence, in the handwriting of the various conspirators, not only corroborated NAGLE's evidence, but were sufficient in themselves to prove the whole case. Under these circumstances, the inquiry whether the liar and traitor had been dyed once or three times became slightly irrelevant, and, indeed, was even less material, if possible, to the prisoner's case than the hypothetical complicity of the LORD-LIEUTENANT.

The other criminal who has been convicted, though joined with LUBY in the triumvirate that was to govern the Irish Republic, "already virtually established," seems to have been a rebel of a more ordinary type. Honoured by the same sentence of twenty years' penal servitude which had been passed on his leader, he displayed his quality by one of those frantic howls of treasonable nonsense which used to be so common in Conciliation Hall. It is of comparatively small moment how a prisoner of this stamp may receive his condemnation, but in his case it is a relief to feel no conflict between abhorrence of the crime and pity for the insatuated criminal. Even the promiscuous audience which crowded the Court seems to have exhibited no sympathy with this latest specimen of felonious eloquence; and the whole course of the trials affords the most gratifying evidence that the great majority of the Irish people take the same sensible view of the chances and the prospects of an Irish Republic which every human being in England entertains. In spite of all the ingenious pleas for delay, the counter applications against the police, and the innumerable challenges of the prisoners, one jury after another is found to be free from the presence of the single patriotic jurymen who were formerly available on such occasions to defeat justice, to scorn perjury, and to outlast his eleven colleagues. The sensible observations with which Mr. Justice KEOGH accompanied his sentence will probably be appreciated as sensible observations from the Bench have seldom been appreciated in Ireland; and if the result of the Fenian conspiracy should be to show that a respect for the law and for the dictates of common sense is gradually displacing the old hallucinations and prejudices of the Irish populace, the recollection of the days of Head Centres and Triumvirates will not be one of which the country need be wholly ashamed. Even



the escape of STEPHENS from an ill-managed prison, and the corruption and incapacity of the staff, prove rather the power of gold, and the imbecility of those under whose superintendence the establishment was placed, than any extensive sympathy with the Fenian movement, outside of the band of brothers who indulged in the pastime of swearing seditious oaths, and keeping or breaking them according to their tastes. That the prospect of wholesale assassination which fascinated some of the inferior savages who joined in the conspiracy was never contemplated with satisfaction by men like LUBY might almost have been assumed; without his indignant vindication of himself; but even he must have felt the force of Mr. Justice KEOGH's observations on the guilt of those who attempted to set in movement a revolution which could in no case have had any other success than by leading to the perpetration of a certain number of atrocious murders. No one out of a lunatic asylum, one would think, could really believe that the "virtual" Irish Republic would ever attain to actual existence; and it would have needed a very sanguine man to imagine that the security of life and property would be greater under the dictatorship of Mr. STEPHENS, and his triumvirate than they now are under the law of which that gentleman magnanimously refuses to recognise the existence. His deluded associates have the hard fact of the law's vitality brought home to them in the most realistic shape, by a punishment which, heavy as it is, falls far short of that which, but for the lenient or judicious course of the prosecution, would have been passed upon them for crimes that clearly subjected them to all the barbarous penalties of treason. The treachery with which the indulgence shown to the felons of 1848 was met will probably stand in the way of any future relaxation of the sentences pronounced; but whatever may be the horrors of twenty years' penal servitude, even Mr. LUBY was constrained to admit that he had been fairly tried and sentenced, and that, at any rate, according to British law, he had richly deserved his fate. That the power to defy this law no longer exists, and that the desire to do so is rapidly dying out in Ireland, are the best symptoms which have for many years been recorded of that unhappy island. If this improved tone of feeling should become universal, there will be little trouble in dealing with Irish grievances, and small occasion to fear the continuance of Irish misery. Viewed from whatever side the observer may select, all Irish difficulties ultimately resolve themselves into a distaste for the restraints of law; it is at the source of the whole evil that the only effectual remedy can be applied, and that remedy is in the hands of the Irish people themselves. As Mr. LUBY truly said, though in a very different sense from ours, Fenianism has done its work—and a good work too. The reaction towards civilization and common sense is as marked as could be wished; and the sooner the rest of the criminals are disposed of, and the whole subject allowed to fall into oblivion, the better it will be for those who have had to teach, and those who have had to learn, a sharp and salutary lesson.

#### THE SHENANDOAH ENLISTMENT CASE.

THE verdict for the defendant in the case of the *QUEEN v. CORBETT* possesses, like verdicts in general, no legal importance. It is not the business of juries to determine principles, and the rulings of the CHIEF JUSTICE, though they were generally favourable to the defendant, were strictly confined to the application of the law to the particular facts. It can matter little, except to those immediately concerned, whether the Captain of the *Sea King* violated the Foreign Enlistment Act; but it must be admitted that the subjects of neutral Powers have little difficulty in finding their way to the aid of belligerents through the unavoidably wide meshes of existing legislation. Captain WADDELL, indeed, obtained only two or three hands from the *Sea King* when the vessel was rechristened *Shenandoah*, but he had every opportunity of canvassing the crew on behalf of the Confederate Government. There can be little doubt that the verdict was right, although two or three of the Crown witnesses charged Captain CORBETT with direct solicitation. The evidence for the defence was equally credible, and the discrepancies and contradictions of different statements might be explained without the supposition that perjury had been committed on either side. There was also a flaw in the case for the prosecution, as it was not proved that the men who remained with the *Shenandoah* were British subjects; but the defect became immaterial through the finding of the jury on the questions which were submitted to them by the Court. It is highly improbable that, when Captain CORBETT commenced his ostensible voyage to Bombay,

he really supposed himself to be going further than the middle of the Atlantic. His owners had already sold the ship to the Confederate Government, although the Captain afterwards professed to meet with a customer who transacted business on a desert island. There is, however, nothing illegal either in selling an unarmed ship to a belligerent Government, or in forwarding a cargo of arms and munitions of war to the same destination with the innocent vessel. The law-officers found that their only chance of a conviction was to charge the defendant with the offence of enlisting sailors in British territory for the Confederate service. If Captain CORBETT had been proved to have taken an active part in the application to the crew, the further issue would have been raised whether the ship had previously become the property of the alien purchaser. An English vessel is a part of the territory of England; but, before any man was asked to join the *Shenandoah*, the sale had been completed, and a Confederate officer had assumed the command. A partially similar argument will be used in behalf of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, if he is ever brought to trial. If his allegiance to the United States legally ceased before the commencement of the war, he must be acquitted of treason. It is still doubtful whether secession was prohibited by the American Constitution; but there can be no question of the right of a shipowner to sell his ship.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL contended that, even if CORBETT could not be shown to have shared in the attempts to enlist the crew, he was constructively guilty, because he had brought the sailors into a position which facilitated the overtures of the Confederate officer; and some expressions used by the CHIEF JUSTICE in the late case of the *QUEEN v. RUMBLE* were quoted to prove that indirect complicity in unlawful enlistment would warrant a conviction. Chief Justice COCKBURN, however, intimated that his language had been imperfectly understood, and that it was necessary to prove an immediate connection between the act of the defendant and the subsequent enlistment. It was urged on the part of the prosecution, as a suspicious circumstance, that on shipping the crew of the *Sea King* Captain CORBETT professedly gave a preference to unmarried men. It is difficult to understand why wives and children at home should have interfered with a voyage to India, and there were sufficient reasons to deter married men from sailing round the world in pursuit of American merchantmen. The case would have been strengthened if it had been proved that the crew was unnecessarily numerous; but, as the case stood, the CHIEF JUSTICE fairly observed that the crew was engaged for an intelligible purpose, and that any ulterior intent to violate the law ought to be sustained by positive proof. It was not shown that the defendant had any interest in persuading his men to join Captain WADDELL, except that he might naturally wish to be accompanied by as few malcontents as possible in his return voyage on board the *Laurel*. The men were out of humour at the sudden termination of their voyage, and if they had accepted the Confederate bounty their complaints would have been silenced. In other respects, it was apparently indifferent to Captain CORBETT whether the *Shenandoah* sailed short-handed or full of men, yet it would be rash to assume that his fancy for single men was purely accidental and arbitrary.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL's contention that the Foreign Enlistment Act had been evaded involves a certain ambiguity. If a man has evaded a penal law by not bringing himself within its provisions, he is evidently entitled to an acquittal. It was said that, before the French Treaty of Commerce, an ingenious speculator allowed two cargoes of smuggled kid gloves to fall into the hands of the Preventive Service at remote parts of the coast. When the condemned goods were sold by auction at a Western port, it appeared that they were all right-hand gloves, and consequently they were knocked down for a nominal sum to an agent of the original importer. At the same time, an equally valueless lot of left-hand gloves was sold at the other end of the Channel, of course to the same purchaser. The gloves were duly paired and sent into the market, while the Government was deprived of the duty, except as far as it was represented by the money received for the two worthless parcels of goods. The law had been evaded, but it had not been broken, and the Customs' officers could only determine to be more acute in future. The Confederates and their English coadjutors put their right-hand gloves in the *Sea King* and their left in the *Laurel*. The process of pairing took place outside the jurisdiction of England, and the definition of the offence created by the Act was not satisfied by the proceedings of the parties. The American Government was

more fortunate in obtaining a conviction for an alleged attempt to enlist English subjects within the jurisdiction of the United States during the Russian war; but in that case the acts which were proved on the trial had been performed on American soil, and the jury may possibly have been influenced by the hope expressed by Mr. PIERCE'S Attorney-General, that their verdict would strike a blow against the throne of Queen VICTORIA. As Sir ROBERT COLLIER was less patriotically eloquent than Mr. CALIB CUSHING, he was perhaps scarcely disappointed by a failure which he must have foreseen as not improbable.

The prosecution has failed, and it is improbable that any other attempt to enforce the Act will be more successful. If Captain WADDELL had been chosen as defendant, he could not have been convicted in an English Court of acts committed on Portuguese territory by an American citizen. Those who undertake similar enterprises will generally make sufficient arrangements with their belligerent paymasters. Much consideration will be required before the law is made more stringent, because a litigious neighbour might found complaints on alleged neglect in enforcing a law which might perhaps have proved impracticable. During the American civil war, the Federal purchases of munitions of war in England exceeded tenfold the supplies which were furnished to the Confederates. The Northern Government was also perfectly at liberty to buy any number of English vessels, and to convert them, on their arrival in an American port, into vessels of war. There was no motive for engaging in a transaction precisely corresponding to the equipment of the *Shenandoah*, but if the armament had been transferred to a newly-bought ship at New York, instead of the *Desertas*, an ordinary matter of business would not have provoked a comment. Nevertheless, it is on many grounds desirable to give the English Government additional power to restrain its subjects from interference in foreign quarrels, and some amendments to the Foreign Enlistment Act have been proved by recent experience to be expedient or necessary. The prohibition against the equipment of cruisers might be extended to the sale of vessels which are designed, with the knowledge of the seller, to be converted into ships of war. It is true that such a law might be evaded if the purchaser kept his own secret, dealing with one customer for the hull of the ship, and with another for the armament; but if all the arrangements were conducted by the agents of the belligerent, the indignation of the hostile combatant could not be reasonably directed against the unconscious neutral. The numerous attempts of the American Government to alter the law of nations to the prejudice of neutrals were natural, though they have fortunately been unsuccessful. The English Government has discharged its duties with scrupulous fidelity, but nevertheless the exploits of the *Alabamas* and *Shenandoahs* are profoundly irritating. When a careful observance of law leaves behind it a feeling that injustice has been committed, additional legislation is desirable, if only it is practicable. Yet a new and more complicated lock is not unlikely to suggest the invention of an equally elaborate pass-key.

#### CONVENTIONALITIES.

THE satisfaction with which the country has learned that the Queen will open Parliament in person will in no way be diminished by the announcement that the old unwieldy State-coach will not make its appearance on the occasion, and that the Sovereign will not be robed in the cumbrous paraphernalia of Royalty. Whatever can contribute to relieve Her Majesty from needless fatigue will be acceptable to her subjects. A "dress carriage" is in all respects a more comfortable vehicle than the traditional State-coach; and it will surprise no one that the Queen's official advisers have resolved that the State robes shall not be worn, but laid out upon the throne. This mode of meeting the exigencies of etiquette is both ingenious and pleasant. The House of Lords and the Foreign Ambassadors and the Peeresses will thus be able to feel that, whatever may be the alteration in the ceremony itself, its spirit and meaning will be completely preserved. By these simple means the British Constitution will be handed down once more, intact and unimpaired, to a fresh generation and a new House of Commons. A great deal of injustice is often done by Englishmen, in their unthinking way, to the little German princes who are so particular that the sentinels of their principality should have five or six different ways of presenting arms to the five or six different sorts of ladies-in-waiting, and that anybody who is an officer and a gentleman should thoroughly understand the exact political value of an empty State-coach. We sometimes are weak enough to laugh at such august arrangements, on the ground that they are unmeaning pieces of conventionality and etiquette. It is to be hoped that we shall be wiser and more sensible in future. The Ministerial order that has been given about the English royal robes ought to teach us the right

manner of thinking about State ceremonies, and conventionalities in general. Forms are valuable things, and are worth keeping for the sake of the many truths which they represent. And no one will ever again be able to excuse himself or herself from the performance of little duties of routine and etiquette on the mere grounds of personal inconvenience that are so often assigned. The question will not be whether the gentleman or lady could have come in person, but whether they should not or might not have done or sent something to remind us of them. The thing need not be carried to an extreme. If Lord Russell could not himself assist at a Lord Mayor's banquet, the Lord Mayor would not perhaps be satisfied with the arrival of Lord Russell's hat. Nor would rectors, as a rule, be content on any particular Sunday with the appearance at church, in the place of a careless member of the congregation, of the careless member's prayer-book and umbrella. But within due limits it is well that we should learn that the most bare conventionality is worth something. Mr. Carlyle, who has done so much good to his generation, cannot be acquitted of having also done some harm. He has thoughtlessly attempted, in more than one of his works, to pour contempt upon what he calls the philosophy of clothes. There is a great deal more in clothes than Mr. Carlyle allows, or than some people in these sceptical days seem disposed to believe; and if we are brought to take a new and a higher view of the importance of conventionality in itself, the Ministerial resolve which has been so recently announced will not have been without a moral significance and value.

All things considered, it is perhaps surprising how long-lived and successful conventionalities usually are. They are always being abused, and the world's noblest spirits have got into the way of being rather hard upon them. We all know by experience the inveterate and hereditary antagonism that is supposed to exist between etiquette and fashion and conventionalities upon the one hand, and genius upon the other. Let us take the instance of a poet. Or rather let us take the instance of what is called "the" poet, for all observant persons are aware of the difference between "a" poet and "the" poet. "A" poet is simply nobody. If he goes in for attending to conventionalities, it cannot be said to be anything in his favour. The blighting influence of society cannot be altogether escaped by making verses, and many a poet goes to church, and wears frock coats, and has his hair brushed by machinery, just like any other ordinary being who has got no soul. "The" poet is naturally a different kind of creature. He likes his hair long, and plenty of it. When he goes into private life, it is with a haughty step and an eye that rolls far more than gay worldlings would find comfortable, and he regards custom and fashion with the most withering scorn. Nor are conventionalities exposed to the dislike only of "the" poet. Philosophy, in the persons of Mr. Mill and Mr. Carlyle, has taken up her parable, and made a dead set at them. Muscular Christianity has done the same. Mr. Kingsley—who usually wavers between a lofty contempt for intellect and a natural and laudable desire to call people stupid who do not agree with him—when he comes to talk about conventionalities, has no hesitation as to the course he ought to adopt. He strikes a prompt and deadly blow at them by saying that they are dull. Mr. Ruskin follows suit in quite as formidable a way. Those who are not in the habit of attending to Mr. Ruskin every now and then awake to the consciousness that he is to be heard somewhere in the far distance, moaning like a Hamadryad to the woods and trees, and complaining that conventionalities are untrue. The effect of all this torrent of poetical and philosophical and religious and artistic denunciation is very considerable. Every thoughtful mind is led occasionally to questions perplexing and apparently insoluble. Why do we wear hats? is there really any difference between the sexes? can shaving be justified upon any moral grounds whatsoever? and will crinoline, crochet, and wedding-cards be found in a higher and better social state?—such are some of the considerations that thrust themselves upon the earnest inquirer. To all those who feel baffled and overcome by them, the resolution taken by Her Majesty's Cabinet about the State robes comes like a welcome and authoritative exposition, and recalls us from Mr. Mill and Mr. Ruskin to a high faith in the significance of conventionalities and forms.

It is very easy, and sounds very noble, to abuse conventionalities; but without them the world would be much less pleasant, and probably much more wicked, than it is. The way in which most of them grow up is obvious and simple. Civilized society has now been in existence for a great number of years, and each generation has the advantage of the experience of many generations that have gone before. It has been long ago discovered that it is for the general benefit of the commonwealth that its individual members should be honest, moral, and well conducted; and the sharp entrenchment which society has dug round its own interests, and the interests of its ruling classes, is called law, or morality, accordingly as we regard it from the point of view of the legislator or the moralist. The broad black belt of shadow, inside which all that society considers precious is carefully entrenched, serves to mark clearly and definitely the line across which no profane foot should, with impunity, pass. When Romulus built Rome, the fable relates how Remus, in a spirit of defiance, leapt across the furrow that was to be the foundation of the future wall, and how Romulus at once struck the daring intruder down. Mr. Macaulay's schoolboy, a few years ago, would have been taught to look upon the mystical act as a type of tyranny and lawlessness, but scholars have at last found



out the meaning of the sacredness attached by the builder of a city to the little furrow which the plough had drawn round his settlement. Society, in punishing the criminal, is only following the example of Romulus. The social furrow may be small, or even imaginary, but it is not the less a matter of necessity that its integrity should be jealously guarded and preserved. Nor is the vindication of the actual frontier line enough. The world has noticed, to its cost, that outworks beyond the frontier line are essential to its peace and welfare. There are many thoughtless people who might not be aware that they were transgressing until they had actually committed themselves to the fatal step, were it not for those premonitory fortifications that are designed to warn us how very near we are getting to the sacred and inevitable belt of shadow. Outside the belt, society, therefore, places a zone of less distinct colour, which it calls conventionality, and which serves the same purposes as the danger signal performs for the approaching train. The philosopher who inveighs against conventionalities, to be consistent, ought also to object to danger signals. The neglect of them may, in some cases, lead to no catastrophe; but unless they were habitually obeyed the world would suffer under twenty times as many accidents, collisions, and *faux pas*.

Perhaps no conventionalities are based on a better or a more sound foundation than the conventionalities that hamper the intercourse of men and women, and against which feminine enthusiasts are to be heard so often complaining. A woman who is a genius, or who fancies she has a vocation for working like a man, is indignant at seeing, in the eyes of her acquaintances, that she is expected to conform to a hundred trivial regulations which she despises and would like to disregard. She would like to be able to travel to and fro in unprotected freedom, to visit when and where she pleases, and to receive her friends of both sexes at all hours of the day and night. Una went about quite safely with her lion, and why should not any young lady who is as pure and as high-minded as Una do precisely the same? Women forget that the reason why Una was so safe was because she had her lion with her. And conventionality is only another name for Una's familiar lion. This invaluable protector keeps at a distance the host of Paynims and false knights who otherwise would steal in and take advantage of the peripatetic heroine while she was not thinking, or was writing poems, or was reforming her fellow-creatures, or was asleep. No woman can or ought to know very much of the mass of meanness and wickedness and misery that is loose in the wide world. She could not learn about it without losing the bloom and freshness which it is her mission in life to preserve. Her position is somewhat peculiar, and to her unsophisticated eyes may appear partly unintelligible. In order to protect itself, society is compelled to punish a woman's faults and transgressions more severely than it punishes the failings of the stronger sex; and yet it is necessary that the very sex which is to be so disproportionately punished should be left in ignorance of the dangers and characteristic features of transgression. Ignorance or thoughtlessness might easily involve the unwary in the very faults which, by the wise consent of mankind, are held to be almost if not altogether irreparable. In the creation of a rigid code of conventional maxims, society attempts to make sure that women and men shall have ample notice of the proximity of the perils and difficulties which it is undesirable to explain or paint in detail. It is not wise or logical to object to such a code that many of its provisions are childish or inconsistent, or even unmeaning. It is quite possible that such may be the case. But it is enough to answer that the code has a relative apart from its positive value, and that it exists, not for the sake of itself, but as a warning against other evils that are designedly kept veiled from the common gaze. The border land of conventionality may sometimes be crossed without harm. The reason why it ought never to be crossed is that those who enter the enclosure never can tell how near harm is, or from what quarter it may approach. False positions are not in themselves always hurtful, but they are posts of uncertainty and alarm. And the experience of those who know most of life coincides with the bare theory. Most men and women who look back upon a chequered career will acknowledge that the vast majority of their errors and mistakes have arisen from false situations, which in themselves did not seem at the time to be pernicious or objectionable. Cover a false position with the most specious and most sounding name, and it is a false position still. Even if those who occupy it are confident and unalarmed, the outer world is less confiding. It knows by instinct that every step across the pale of conventionality is a step nearer to what is worse. The cynical begin to doubt, and the designing begin, at one and the same moment, to presume. It is safer to stick closely to the lion of etiquette and of routine than to wander off into the enchanting depths of an unknown forest. There is a wide difference between the respect due to conventional opinions and that due to conventional customs. Reason is the sole guide in matters of opinion, and no one who can depend on his own judgment is called upon to take at second-hand the conclusions which anybody else has formed. It is by no means necessary, it is not always wise, to believe what the world believes, or to think what the world thinks. But it is usually prudent and sensible to do what the world does.

All conventionalities are not, it may be said, so easily defended. And the philosopher who attacks conventionalities in general would prefer to take some less defensible specimen. Yet all conventionalities represent the settled convictions of society about the contingent dangers to which society is liable, and therefore are, *prima*

*facie*, to be respected. Even black hats and dress coats may, from this point of view, be looked on as an admirable institution. Both are rather uncomfortable ways of reminding those who use them that uniformity in dress is not a bad thing. They preserve us from the vagaries of individual caprice in matters wherein good taste is of some real importance. It is evidently most undesirable that men and women should be left to cover themselves just as they happen to think right. The wisest thing is to have some standard to which individuals should approximately conform; and, though a black hat is not beautiful in itself, it is better that all gentlemen should wear black hats than that they should decorate themselves at their own sweet will. The enemies of the institution, which it may be admitted is not free from defects, ought to consider whether uniformity is not an object; and, if so, should be ready to point out some better form which uniformity might take. When they do so, society will doubtless be ready to welcome the proposed emendation. It is not too much to assert that most conventionalities are in this way a danger signal against something. If any one instance can be proved to be totally useless, it is time, no doubt, to change it. But the introduction of the change had better be left to society, and individuals will wisely accept the maxim imposed upon them till they get a better. The law of England has a whole repertory of presumptions which have been found useful and admirable, and sound sense might teach us to add to the number of legal fictions the unwritten but invaluable maxim that "everything is to be presumed in favour of a conventionality."

#### APHORISMS.

IT would be interesting, if it were possible, to trace the genealogy of some of the aphorisms which we are in the daily habit of quoting. They occupy in literature the same place which gems hold in art. They are packed into a small enough compass to be perfectly portable, and, partly in virtue of that quality, they seem to be almost imperishable. Some of the sayings which delight modern readers may be traced back, though in less perfect forms, through many generations. They have been polished by the attrition of common conversation, like pebbles on the seashore, until they have taken the neatest shape of which they are susceptible. They are attributed in turn to each popular sayer of good things, and each of their sponsors may be proved to have received them with some slight modification from his predecessor. Such, for example, is the commonest of all—the remark that language was given us to conceal thought; a remark which is now commonly given to Talleyrand, as the most approved modern author of witticisms, but which may be identified, in slightly different shapes, in the writings of several forgotten predecessors. It has now been reduced to its simplest terms, and is only in danger of becoming too commonplace for quotation. It will doubtless continue, however, to enjoy a certain vitality, for aphorisms are to educated men what proverbs are to the vulgar; the two are allied varieties of a species which has the merit of never quite losing its piquancy by repetition. Aphorisms, indeed, are merely the abstract statement of truths of which proverbs are the concrete illustration. Sometimes the two forms of speech may be found still adhering to each other. Distance, says somebody, diminishes moderate affections and increases great ones, as a strong wind puts out candles and strengthens a fire. The first half of the remark might be developed into an aphorism, and the second would make a very fair proverb. And the secret which explains the vitality of proverbs explains also the persistency of a good many aphorisms. When a man tells you that fine words butter no parsnips, or that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, he makes a remark which, taken by itself, is a mere platitude. But it is a very summary way of indicating a whole train of argument, which the popular mind could not understand if it were put in a more general form. Very often two proverbs are flatly opposed to each other; the dogma about more haste worse speed may be exactly opposed by the exhortation to strike while the iron is hot; and a proverb must be taken rather as a forcible illustration than as an argumentative statement. It is only converted into an argument by its application to the particular case under consideration. Aphorisms, which are an essence distilled from proverbs, partake of the same weakness. They are a forcible statement of a truth; but they can only give one out of the innumerable aspects of any truth, and require a good deal of modification before they can be applied to a special case. They differ, however, from proverbs in dealing with more refined speculations, and in the circumstance that a proverb is generally a platitude disguised, whereas an aphorism is more apt to run into paradox.

The reason of this appears to be simple. When a truth has been boiled down till its mere kernel is left, and all its external husks in the shape of qualifications and conditions have been stripped off, which is a necessary preliminary to its passing into the aphoristic stage, it would be intolerable if a mere truism were the result. We require to extract a grain of salt, and not an insipid shred of commonplace. There can, for example, be no aphorism in science. A man may assert, if he pleases, that two and two make four, or he may enounce the first law of motion; he will have proclaimed a very useful truth, but it will not be one which will pass into a common form of speech. To retain any sting, it must be rather the contradiction than the affirmation of an accepted doctrine. And hence a good many aphorisms, like the one about the use of language, or the saying that

gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come, are constructed by merely inverting a truism. The order of phenomena to which such sayings refer is so complicated that it is almost impossible to construct any formula to hold good universally; it is certain to be one of those rules which are proved by their exceptions; and by stating the exception dogmatically, as if it were itself the rule, we get a seeming paradox which is certain to fit some special cases. If we insist upon pulling it to pieces and observing its logical anatomy, its structure proves to be flimsy enough. But it often has the merit of forcibly drawing attention to certain necessary corrections of the general theory. Thus Mr. Carlyle's pet maxim, that speech is silver but silence is golden, is little better than nonsense if examined brutally as a man would a proposition of Euclid; there is an evident absurdity in comparing the merits of two necessary correlatives. But, for all that, it is an excellent party symbol. It vigorously condemns a morbid tendency whose growth is specially favoured by the popular atmosphere of the day. It puts, indeed, as absolute and universal, a condemnation which only applies to a minority of cases; but although this is inconsistent with any logical value, it gives the proper sententious flavour. It is not a very rare circumstance for a man to speak when he had better hold his tongue, and we punish him more severely by hurling at his head a good unqualified dogma than by arguing that he comes under an exceptional rule. It has the same effect as giving him an effective nickname. And Mr. Carlyle has, of course, done more to stigmatize an undue flux of language, by this round assertion that silence is better than speech, than he could have done by any guarded assertion of the principles really applicable.

Such aphorisms as this are a philosophical war-cry; they are to be compared to the mottoes which adorn a party platform—"the right man in the right place," or "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work"—from which they only differ by giving a paradoxical turn to the moral sentiment which they convey. But there are other aphorisms of a more refined character. They are an attempt, not to compress a sermon or a speech into a single phrase, but to sum up the conclusions of an observer of society. If social science could ever become a real science, they would be converted into its leading axioms, in which process they would become as dull as other scientific axioms. That consummation is fortunately far off; the scattered remarks of acute observers can only give in a detached form truths which may be hereafter shown in their relations to systematic theories. To make them stick to the memory, they require to have a certain spice of paradox, and are, therefore, most freely produced by men with some morbid tendencies. To compose good aphorisms, a man should delight in looking at the wrong side of the cloth; he should naturally secrete a certain quantity of poison, in order to make them pungent; and that is a faculty which naturally results from the combination of a good head and a bad stomach. This was probably what Pascal meant by saying "*diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère*"; and it is exemplified in Rochefoucauld as the accepted model of a cynical sayer of good things. If a man retains enough sensibility to be stung into throwing out bitter aphorisms, he is generally worth hearing. The truth may be an unpleasant one, but there is a good deal that is extremely mean and selfish in most men, and though we may not envy a man who dwells upon it by preference, he collects some useful information. There is, to take the oft-quoted of Rochefoucauld's sayings, undoubtedly something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not unpleasant to us. The saying would not have stuck if it had not hit a weak place. It would, doubtless, not be true to say now, "*Il y a peu d'honnêtes femmes qui ne soient lassées de leur métier*"; but if the saying has lost its value as a moral, it has at least an historical interest. The great mass of his sayings are merely variations of the true assertion that many apparent virtues may be analysed into some form of selfishness. People who took this for the whole truth would, of course, be both fools and misanthropes. But the method is very useful, and may be almost called philosophical. If a political economist may fairly assume for his purposes that society is only actuated by selfish motives, a moralist may certainly make the same assumption in studying individuals. He will have to go through some very dirty work, and will come to results which are only partially true, but we ought to be grateful to him for his trouble. There are few people who have not had occasion to feel the truth of the saying that we sometimes think we hate flattery, when we really hate only the mode of flattering; or that lovers are never tired of talking to each other, because they are then always talking of themselves; or that we always love those who admire us, but we don't always love those whom we admire. We are glad to set down the author of such smart hits as a misanthrope, because it is easier to counter than to parry them. But no really candid person would deny their truth as applying to his neighbours. We are not shocked by Chamfort's inquiry how many fools go to make one public, because each man always looks upon himself as somehow external to the public. A certain number of the aphorisms which imitate these amount merely to a forcible expression of melancholy. Marriage, says Chamfort, and celibacy are two inconveniences; we should choose that which admits of a remedy. This is as much as to assert that every state of life is troublesome; which is merely a roundabout way of saying that you are yourself unfit for every state of life. Paris—to quote another of his sayings—is the city of pleasure and amusement, where four-fifths of the inhabitants die of chagrin. Such a sweeping depreciation fails on account of its generality. All wide condemnations of the

world are apt to sound silly, because it is so very easy to account for them by finding fault with their author. They are not expressions of a moral truth, nor the results of fine observation; but they may still have the merit of being a short and emphatic statement of a melancholy to which we are all liable. They are more allied to poetry than to philosophy or morality. Balzac said that Chamfort could put a volume into a single good saying, whereas it is now difficult to find a good saying in a volume. The saying which we have quoted about Paris is certainly the essence of a good many of Balzac's novels.

The form of an aphorism is almost as important as its matter. A saying must be very carefully constructed which is to stand the wear and tear of generations. A very slight deviation from the correct form may just destroy the delicate dose of satire or paradox to which it owes its vitality. This is one reason why the French are so skilful at aphorisms. A German is much more apt to expand a principle into a volume than to reduce it into a sentence. The delicacy and neatness of French exactly suits the confident and almost saucy self-assertion which an aphorism should display. But it has another advantage. English, though comparatively clumsy, may be sometimes worked up into aphorisms; but it suffers from a tendency to be too concrete; it runs rather to proverbial forms of expression. A Frenchman expresses himself naturally in abstract terms, and so runs almost unconsciously into general maxims. Louis Napoleon's saying, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," could not be translated into English without becoming ridiculous in form as well as in substance. Now the power of making dogmatic offhand remarks in general terms involves a constant manufacture of more or less genuine aphorisms, and the style of most Frenchmen is flavoured by them as a sauce may be flavoured with mushrooms. One would suppose that a Frenchman could hit off what Mr. Buckle would have called a wider generalization in every clause of every sentence. Unfortunately, most of these gems will not bear much inspection.

#### THE REVELS AT COMPIEGNE.

THE world ought to be deeply thankful to the French Jenkins for the glimpse which he has afforded us of the mysteries and glories of the Imperial Olympus. The clouds have for the moment parted asunder, and revealed to mortal eyes the awful, yet reassuring, sight of the mighty dispenser of fate presiding with serene majesty over the celestial revels. Our Own Correspondent, on the chillier heights of the English Olympus, can rarely tell us more than that its august chief took a carriage drive or walked upon the Slopes. But the rhapsodist who chronicles the delights of him whom the French have set up to be a god over them, dazzles us with the extent and brilliance of his details. And men should not esteem lightly the worth of their privilege. There is real solemnity in the thought that it is the inner life of a Messianic Deliverer of the Peoples which is thus laid bare for us to behold and to ponder upon. The vicegerent of Providence, chosen by a mysterious destiny issuing its decrees through the voice of the ballot-box, is a being whose slightest act must be edifying and important. The wicked unbelievers who scoff at the Deliverer's pretensions, and, like blind and stubborn guides, conspire to lead the people out of the narrow path of political salvation, may say that the exalted personage would not, at all times in his career, have cared to have had the bull's-eye of the self-prostrating Jenkins turned upon his inner life. But the pious mind abhors such graceless slanders. All the good and great Caesars who have preceded their present illustrious champion and representative have been exposed to the same vile assaults. It was said of the divine Augustus that, in spite of the decorum of his later years, he had in earlier days indulged in secret and blasphemous orgies with a band of boon companions. The profane Roman used to talk of Tiberius and Calpurnius just as a profane Gaul now talks of Napoleon and Compiègne. That unlucky Deliverer of the People, Caligula, was equally misunderstood and persecuted. Words just as hard were circulated against the worthy and admirable Nero. Remembering these things, the gentle heart of the modern Cæsar will be consoled, and he will continue his elevated and unselfish task to the end.

A taste for the diversions of the stage is quite in accordance with Imperial traditions. Still, as in the days of the satirist, such is the business, such the arts, of our noble chief. Only the chief does not pursue the business himself. He prefers to make his senators compose farces and put on the comic sock. This, too, is no more than was usual of old. The list of patrician performers may remind the reader of the

Frons durior hujus,  
Qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum,  
Planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui  
Mamercorum alapas.

The triple buffooneries of the modern patricians are no doubt quite as funny as those of the ancients. The nobles no longer convulse a prince with an interchange of resounding thwacks and smacks, but a lively princess does not object to array herself in a box-coat, long gaiters, a felt hat, and a black cockade. If the ancients had their Mamerci, we have our Metternich, "the accuracy of whose costume and the stiffness of whose gestures might be envied by an English coachman." If the ancients had Fabii who turned themselves into rope-dancers, we have marquises who are willing to come upon the stage in a robe made of street bills

It will be interesting to see how the French Jenkins will perform in the revels of the Most Christian



and posters, or to borrow for ears and eyes polite the humour and the manners of a seller of gingerbread, a *marchand de coco*, or a cabman. Meanwhile, the illustrious Sovereign looks on with appropriate emotion. The Messianic Deliverer gives the signal for applause; only he is no longer the Father of his Country, but the squire in *villeggiatura*. He even graciously allows himself to be lightly chaffed by the facetious lady who was so admirable an imitation of the English coachman. People used to grumble at the founder of the Cæsarean line, because he wrote and transacted business in the theatre, instead of suffering himself to be amused by the scene. His admirer and imitator can stoop to a more discreet playfulness.

To a thoughtful onlooker the farce might have seemed to contain a pathetic element. The spectacle of a princess in long gaiters and a box-coat, of course, must have been full of humour. The cracking of the whip, and all her other *espégleries*, were, no doubt, quite up to the mark of a Strand burlesque. But besides the top-booted princess was the little boy who represented the Future. There is not very much jocoseness, one would think, for the Imperial Court in this. The thoughts suggested by the sight of that little boy and his Future must surely have been fraught with a sombre anxiety and uneasiness scarcely welcome on the occasion of a joyous masque like this. It was very like summoning the skeleton out of the recesses of the family cupboard, and politely handing it round for general inspection. The future of the Prince Imperial is the one secret which the oracle refuses to disclose to the successful chief, and it is the secret which is to determine whether the chief is really successful, or whether Fortune has only been making sport of him all the time. Gray's Ode on a Distant View of Eton College is a poor and mawkish composition compared with the Ode which might be suggested to any man of reflective temper by a Distant View of the Prince Imperial. If, in a general way, it is true that Eton boys have no sense of ills to come, nor care beyond to-day, and that, regardless of their doom, the little victims play, still, as a rule, the doom of an Eton boy is neither very tragic nor very momentous. The bitter scorn and grinning infamy to which the melancholy poet expected some of them to fall a sacrifice, were but rarely their lot after all. But the doom of the little boy at Compiègne represents, for a time at all events, something like the doom of France, and therefore of Europe. If a poet had happened to be present, he could scarcely have missed being inspired by the situation, and would have burst out into song. Yet the theme would probably have been one of doubtful popularity with the giver of the feast. Great men do not thank the bard who writes verses on the ill-favoured ghost which haunts them, and is continually rising up, like Banquo, in the middle of the entertainment and the rejoicings. The handwriting on the wall is not a pleasant object to think about, even though the monarch may not be sure whether it is to the effect that he has been weighed in the balance, that he has been found wanting, and that his kingdom shall depart from him. The Emperor is said not to be devoid of sensibility, nor to have forgotten the days when there seemed little chance of his ever coming to have princesses in gaiters capering for his diversion. He is certainly not likely to forget that the same evil days of exile and humiliation may possibly overtake the young prince, when he shall say, "I have no pleasure in them."

It was not altogether a happy idea, or of auspicious import, to clothe the Future in the dress of a grenadier. It is odd that the Empire, which is Peace—that is, which has been war in Russia and Italy and Mexico—should be succeeded by an epoch of which the grenadier is the best emblem. Is the Future going to bring, not peace, but a sword? Is France for another reign to be able to see nothing before her but grenadiers, and their arms and hairy hats? It was all very well of the people who got up the ceremony to bring forward Industry in a fine robe of green and gold. Industry will soon lose her gay apparel if the Future is most appropriately typified by a person with a sword and a bearskin cap. There ought to have been a variety of Futures in the masque, all different and all possible. The grenadier does very well for one, for the French have by no means lost their monomania in favour of a fighting-man. Then, it is possible that the Future may be best represented by the modest crown of a Constitutional Monarch, or else by a President of a Republic, or else by the sovereignty of the Reds. Who shall say? But it was clumsy in the author to intrude these sobering reflections. Such a mistake is not consistent with the "tact and point" so handsomely attributed to him by his friend Jenkins. Everybody would have enjoyed the feast all the more if the skeleton had been locked up, and the ghost had not been raised. Still it is possible that people may live so long with a sword suspended over their heads by a single horse-hair as to grow tolerably indifferent to the peril; and the Imperialists may have learnt to regard the prospect of the deluge which is to come after them with entire composure of this sort. And this in spite of the couplet which is quoted as a sample of the splendid wit of the performance:—

Ayez toujours un canon dans la poche,  
On ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver.

It will be interesting to read the memoirs of some second Saint Simon of the French Court, if there be a Saint Simon present at Compiègne. A cynic might perhaps find more congenial matter in the revels of the Saviour of Peoples than in those of the Most Christian King.

#### HERO-WORSHIP IN EXTREMIS.

THE death of Tom Sayers has been followed by certain exhibitions of which it is hard to say whether they are too grotesque to be disgusting, or too disgusting to produce amusement. They are at any rate appropriate to the miserable end of a poor fellow killed by a popularity which he could only appreciate as a pretext for gross debauchery. There was doubtless something really melancholy about the ruin of such a mighty athlete. It might have been sufficiently touching to point effectively certain very obvious morals. Unfortunately, the conduct of his admirers spoils the effect, by introducing the element of simple absurdity. Their proceedings were such as might be expected from the frequenters of the lowest London pot-houses. But they still present a queer parallel to some of the performances of their betters under similar circumstances. They are a bold caricature of more respectable ceremonies, and we look at them with the sort of interest excited by the still humbler imitations of humanity executed by the Chimpanzee. We see in them, as it were, the instinct of hero-worship expressed in the simplest terms, and exhibiting the most rudimentary manifestations. The funeral itself appears to have been a procession of all that part of our population which corresponds to the New York rowdies. It brought out in all their force the peculiar refuse of society which hangs on to the lowest skirts of the sporting world. The mob which filled Highgate Cemetery was a hideous spectacle enough, and showed no more delicacy than might have been expected from its outside aspect. But even this mob only gave a coarse exaggeration of sentiments which sometimes display themselves elsewhere with almost equal vulgarity, if with less refinement. The pure-bred rough treads on your toes, clambers on to grave-stones, and generally demeans himself after his semi-brutal nature. It is sometimes possible for a crowd in black coats and orthodox hats to exhibit a similar amount of obdurate insensibility. They don't elbow each other so roughly, but they can on occasion spoil very solemn ceremonies by palpably regarding them in the light of a show. The resemblance, however, to civilized mankind was more palpable in the subsequent proceedings. A sale was held of Tom Sayers' various effects, and a monument is to be erected to his memory. The sale appears to have been tolerably successful. The various belts and cups he had won were bought up by enthusiastic admirers or judicious speculators. The most important lot was the mastiff who had officiated as the chief mourner of the deceased, and who realized the respectable sum of 40*l*. This ingenious method of making the most out of a man's memory, whilst it is still fresh, does not seem to be original. We were told, the other day, that the effects of a deceased American statesman had been put up to auction as relics. And although, in that particular instance, the report was partially contradicted, the custom seems to be a recognised one amongst our energetic cousins. Indeed, it is only natural. It is quite regular to treasure up the scraps belonging to a great man. Napoleon's celebrated coat is to be seen at Paris, Frederick's is preserved at Berlin, and Nelson's at Greenwich Hospital. As to the dog, he corresponds to the warrior's horse who is everywhere a customary memorial. Wallenstein's charger is still preserved entire, only altered by the addition of a new body, legs, and head. The novelty consists in the practice of putting such relics up to immediate auction. But if people have a morbid desire for any fragments of a great man's property, why should a punctilious delicacy prevent his representatives from turning it into money? If it is right for people to scramble for his coat or his dog or his belt, why should not they be made to pay for it? Indeed, an extension of the practice would save trouble. Many enlightened travellers are in the habit of filling their pockets with bits of the statues they have seen or the rummies they have disinterred. As absolute prohibition can only be expected to lead to smuggling, perhaps it would be better to fix the highest practicable tariff, and to make a man who has an irresistible weakness for the noses of statues pay a good round sum for the indulgence of his innocent propensities. The monument which is to be erected to the memory of the deceased seems to be in a rather unsatisfactory position. An ingenious gentleman has advertised in a country newspaper that he would be willing to receive subscriptions towards "a colossal marble statue." But his benevolent offer appears to have been very imperfectly appreciated, and the flow of subscriptions in that direction has received a check. Meanwhile, the genuine subscription also flags. Poor Tom Sayers' admirers seem to remember him just sufficiently to be attracted towards the public-house in which his dog will be domiciled; his memory is so far alive that it will act as an advertisement to a tavern, but it does not stimulate the well-protected organ of gratuitous charity amongst his admirers. Even this phenomenon is not quite without analogy in higher circles. When a man dies whose name does not excite the degree of enthusiasm that takes the form of a statue, we don't freshen our memory by looking at his dog, but we build something of which we happen to be in want—a school or a pump, as the case may be—and call it after his name. This is, however, a refined expedient for expressing our admiration cheaply, for which the Sayers-worshippers are not sufficiently educated.

As to the merits of the object of this particular ebullition of hero-worship we need not speak, for it is a topic which has already lost its interest. Probably the British rough might find a worse object of respect than one who certainly typified some manly qualities. But, as even his admiring biographers in the sporting papers confess that it was a mistake to place him on the same line with the late Duke of Wellington, or to

compare the national loss to that sustained in Lord Palmerston or Mr. Cobden, it cannot be expected that he should be remembered for a fortnight. We need only draw a moral from the honours paid to the deceased hero by his bereaved followers. In the public funeral there is nothing remarkable, except an additional proof of the close neighbourhood of the sublime to the ridiculous; it requires a very strong popular emotion to make any such exhibition anything but hazardous. The cynical observer who should pull the pageant to pieces, and insist upon analysing the proportions of the sight-seeing spirit and the genuine desire to pay respect, would doubtless be always difficult to satisfy. The frank exhibition of sentiment which appears to characterize Tom Sayers' admirers renders their performance more conspicuously offensive. The same peculiarity enables them to show in its naked deformity the propensity to coin a man's memory at once into hard cash. Even the monument, though apparently to be erected in obedience to what Mr. Ruskin called the *Lamp of Sacrifice*, has its suspicious aspect. So far as we can infer from the pages of *Bell's Life*, the process of collecting subscriptions always involves a meeting at a public-house to work up the excitement, and another meeting has to be held to "audit the accounts." It is, therefore, just possible that the agitation for a monument confers some benefit upon the disinterested canvassers. The art of obtaining a certain amount of reflected honour and profit by associating oneself with the memory of a great man is evidently understood, even by the lower orders. But they have only very rudimentary notions as to making the most of it. The collection of relics, for example, is an antiquated, and should be an obsolete, mode of testifying admiration. There was some sense in collecting the relics of a saint when they were supposed to work miracles. A thumb, or a toe-nail, or a lock of hair was all very well when a sight or a touch of it could cure diseases and raise the dead. But the value of such things should not have survived the belief in their occult virtues. When Tom Sayers' dog is exhibited, he will look exactly like any one else's dog. There are, it is true, certain things which we naturally associate with their previous proprietors. Newton's telescope, which is preserved at Cambridge, ought to affect every mathematician who sees it by its close association with his studies, although we doubt whether many outbursts of mathematical devotion have actually been called forth by it. The coat of Frederick the Great may possibly be interesting as showing with what a shockingly bad coat that great man contented himself. But a coat of Newton's, or an astronomical telescope of Frederick's, would not be interesting, because they in no way tend to recall their proprietors. An indiscriminate mania for anything with which a great man has ever come in contact is simply meaningless. There is some interest in seeing the field of Waterloo, because it enables one to understand the battle more accurately; but no one is ever affected by standing on the exact spot where Charles I. lost his head, because it is exactly like hundreds of other spots in London. Relics, however, are losing their value at present, except to the distressing class of exhibitors who prey upon visitors to show-houses or public museums. We have other and more refined methods of making associations useful. There is, for example, the method above-mentioned of providing some building or institution for our own comfort, and calling it a memorial. If Newton had died in these days, some one would have found out that the best way of honouring his memory was not by throwing away money upon marble, but by founding a couple of exhibitions for the school where he was educated; Cromwell's name would doubtless be inscribed upon an asylum for decayed brewers; and Milton would be immortalized by an annual English prize-poem upon a sacred subject. It is a mercy, indeed, that our ancestors had not hit upon this last ingenious form of expressing their gratitude, or the world itself would hardly contain the floods of bad poetry that would have been poured out. It may be said—and we do not deny it—that there is some advantage about this mode of combining gratitude and self-interest; but it is evidently a very poor compliment to the object of the demonstration. The monument is no measure of our feeling towards him, unless the erection of a monument is our only motive. If our public spirit and our gratitude are both of them rather scanty, it may be as well to combine them; but, at any rate, most people would feel that they were rather being made a convenience of than enjoying a commemoration. One would like, at any rate, to have a tomb and a monument of one's own, and not to divide its credit with the Licensed Victuallers' Company, or with the school or university which reaped some of the honour and all the profit.

Tom Sayers has had his share of that posthumous glory which takes the shape of biographies. He has been food for penny-aliners; his battles have been duly fought over again; and ungrammatical eloquence has been freely lavished over his grave. But in this respect he is perhaps more lucky than more exalted contemporaries. There is little danger of his being made the subject of a set biography. He is probably safe against the danger of having his correspondence published, by the fact of his literary exertions having been strictly limited. And perhaps, amongst the various annoyances with which kind friends surround a great man's death, this must be the most annoying. A man may still be horribly caricatured in a statue; though he cannot now very well be set up in the costume of a Roman Emperor, sternly regarding the opposite side of a market-place. Modern sculptors can succeed in making their man ridiculous enough without these accessories. An institution may be named after you which will be the eyesore of the country for years to come, and a vexation for unborn generations of committeemen. But such inflictions do not

make their object so ridiculous as his admirers. The cruel thing is to make a man expose himself. There must be something very irritating in the thought that all your letters are to be published, including answers to a dun or an invitation to dinner, because the smallest trifle from such a hand will be interesting; that, if you have had the precaution to destroy all papers within your own power, your friends will hasten to supply the void; that the biographer, who perhaps derives both profit and reflected glory from his task, will represent himself as discharging a pious duty, and that he will be only called to account if he refuses to publish your washing bills. Shakspeare had more advantages than one over his successors.

#### THE NEGRO, HIS FRIENDS, AND HIS PROSPECTS.

THE outbreak at Jamaica, and its consequences, have brought the irrepressible negro to the surface of English politics. The question which has hitherto pervaded all American society now gives its temporary excitement to that of England. We may expect that during the dull season provincial platforms, and during the lively season the Imperial Parliament, will be occupied with the griefs, grievances, and assuagement of the black man's lot. There will be plenty of assertion, plenty of declamation, no want of invective, and a copious flow of pity. One little element will be conspicuous by its absence from the harangues of the speakers. That little element is knowledge. Of all that speak on the subject, how many have a full knowledge of it? How many have any knowledge at all? How many have even seen a negro, except as a family servant in an old West Indian family, or a missionary trotted out for the delectation of Exeter Hall?

It is a curious instance of the power of the imaginative faculty over minds apparently the most prosaic that men can be found, in large numbers, ready to invest their sympathies in what is most remote from their own kin and least familiar with their own experience. Here we have people living in cities which, on repeated and indubitable evidence, have as much squalor, poverty, dirt, disease, and misery as would afford ample occupation to a shipload of philanthropists; and, instead of indulging their generous emotions in the relief of near and imminent distress, we see them compassing land and sea for the commiseration of remote and conjectural wrongs. That pity for the West Indian negro may be twisted into a more convenient vehicle of abuse on other persons than is furnished by pity for the Manchester factory hands, is one way of explaining the excusiveness of this sentiment. But probably there are other causes also in operation. Among these may be reckoned the traditional picture of the negro, as portrayed in the good little books of our infancy. There are very many people who have never lost their infantine impressions of the negro, as a black but good-looking man, with a soft and gentle countenance, half-lifting his manacled hands to heaven, of course to beg a blessing on his persecutors. And this impression has been strongly confirmed by such samples of negroes as may have been seen in domestic service in England—men of no inconsiderable intelligence, and of very remarkable comity of manner. From these two representations has proceeded the popular idea that the negro is always intelligent, always gentle, always polite—something, indeed, like what the commonplace Englishman might be polished into, in the course of a few generations, by dint of innumerable Sunday-schools and middle-class examinations.

Unfortunately, the true picture is a very different one. The negro is a complex and multiform creature. There is as much essential difference between the tribes of negroes who at successive periods have been shipped by slave-dealers to the West Indies, as there is between the most dissimilar races of Europe. In one respect they all resemble one another. With few and noticeable exceptions, they all belong to the inferior races of Africa. Superior and warlike negroes would not allow themselves to be made slaves. Another common feature of their character is their power of sympathy and assimilation, their faculty of imitating the external incidents of the things and persons they are habitually brought in contact with. A negro chapel-goer soon caught the whine, snuffle, and phraseology of the conventicle. The negro domestic as quickly caught the manners, and almost the tone, of the family in which he had been reared—of course, with something of caricature. The authority of his masters awed him, and gave to his demeanour that submissive courtesy which won for him so many white friends. But when the power of the dominant caste was broken down, when there were left only a few white people of position, his sympathy and his imitativeness were engrossed by the preacher of his chapel, his class-leaders, his schoolmasters—any one, in short, to whom any kind of accident had given any sort of influence; and these were often persons of his own and the mulatto class. From that time a different standard of manners, language, and life was presented to him. The more aspiring and the more conceited of his own people became the objects of his emulation. The caricature took the place of the original model. His love of ease, his love of show, and his love of pleasure, all combined with his consciousness of absolute freedom to make that curious being, the British negro. His democratic form of Church government, which allowed him to dispute the authority of his ministers, further developed his forwardness and his conceit. The absence of all controlling ley power allowed him to be almost as lazy as he liked, and to earn money with the least possible exertion. Then came the effects of climate, of isolation, and of race. It is curious how, in all questions affecting the black people, the influence of race has been over-

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looked. Yet it has been as patent with the African ex-slave as with the Celt, the Magyar, or the Slave. He felt himself to be different in all respects from the minority who owned the island. He saw that minority every day becoming less and less in numbers and in wealth. He saw his own kinsfolk becoming strong in numbers and position. He saw a huge island within two days' sail from him, peopled by his own kith and kin, ruled by men of like colour to his own, who made and unmade governments at their pleasure, who, according to whim, became presidents or emperors, generals and colonels, dukes, marquises, and excellencies. How could the negro continue to be what he had been twenty or thirty years ago?

It is said by sectarians of Mr. Bright's school that it is only the class of colonial aristocrats to which the negro is peculiarly obnoxious. Nothing can be more untrue. The faults and imperfections of the negro are familiar to very many Englishmen who have no connection with any aristocratic class. There are hundreds of sailors in the Royal and mercantile marines who have had ample opportunities of studying the negro in the harbours of Kingstown, Georgetown, and Bridgetown. There are, too, English foremen of works, who have been sent out to superintend the erection of public edifices, or to put up machinery, in various parts of the West Indies; also petty officers of the commissariat and medical departments of the army. Not only do these men not belong to an aristocratic caste, but most of them come from families traditionally friendly to the negro population; they are certainly all free from prejudice against it. Yet of these men—and of other Englishmen even lower in rank—there are but few who, if questioned, will not testify to the idleness, insolence, and conceit of the average negro. We say the average negro, because we are willing to believe what we are often told—that in sequestered parts of the West Indian islands, away from towns, commerce, and foreign contact, the primitive negro may still be found, with all his original courtesy and good nature; though it should not be forgotten that there was always a large body of predial slaves and apprentices who saw nothing of civilized life, and whose whole existence was saturated with barbarism.

However this may be, the question still looms before us. What is to be the future condition of the negro, and how is he to be governed? There are in the British West Indies about 980,000 souls. Of these fully 800,000 are negroes; of the remaining 180,000, more than 120,000 are mulattoes. Of nearly one million, there are only about 50,000 white people. It requires but scant gift of prophecy to foresee that one or two more outbreaks like that of Jamaica will considerably reduce even this small proportion; and that, in one or two generations, the entire population of those colonies will consist of black and coloured people. What is to be their future—what their government? Are we to send regiments and ships to protect islands on which no Englishman has a single relation? Are we to expend 1,000,000*l.* a year on people who profess only a nominal allegiance, and have no real connection with us? But if we do not do this, what is to become of them? Are Jamaica and the other West India islands to crop up into so many Haytis? That is, are they to stand out before the world as the representatives of essential barbarism, tricked out in the superficial garishness of a mock civilization? Even if they wished this, would they be permitted to effect it? Would France, Spain, or the United States sanction this wholesale independence? Would not some blunder or folly of these negro republics precipitate them into a fatal collision with one of the Powers? And might not the latter end of these communities be infinitely worse than their former history?

But it is said, why should they be abandoned at all? Why should England withdraw her protection from them? She owes them the duty of defence, as they owe her the tribute of allegiance. Be it so. All that we can say in reply is this—and we say it without any intention to prejudge the conduct of the Jamaica authorities—if the West Indies are to be retained by us, they must be retained equally without the expense of costly armaments and without the necessity of sanguinary repressions. We cannot afford to lavish millions on places which give so poor a return, and we cannot afford to waste the time of Parliament on periodical inquiries whether their tumults amounted to rebellions, and whether their pacification involved cruel massacres. If the whites cannot brook the contiguity of blacks, the sooner they leave the islands the better for their own comfort. If the negroes cannot demean themselves properly, the sooner they are made over to some other authority the better for their own tranquillity and our peace of mind. Let them and their leaders look to it in time, for they may rest assured that the temper of English politicians is favourable neither to the iteration of negro grievances nor to the thankless maintenance of beggarly negro dependencies.

#### THE ARTISAN AND HIS DAY OF REST.

It is commonly supposed, by many of those who know him best, that the representative artisan is inclined to have a thin, narrow, and intolerant mind on all religious matters. This is the ground on which a great many people, who like the liberty of thinking for themselves and wish to protect others in the open enjoyment of the same liberty, look with apprehension upon the prospect of a large share of political power being handed over to the working-classes. Within certain bounds, the artisan class permits and encourages the widest difference of opinion; but there are bounds to their tolerance—that is to say, they have not got a

grasp of the true principle of tolerance at all. Just as in the United States, you may belong to whatever sect you choose, but any expression of opinion out of the region of sects altogether subjects the holder to the whole range of social pains and penalties. The greater the power of the labouring class, the severer the resistance or persecution which all dissent from accepted views will have to encounter. It is very difficult to tell what the predominant spirit of the working-classes in questions of belief really is; but with them, as with all other uneducated persons, whether in the upper or middle class, there is an inevitable tendency to follow extremes. An uneducated lord, an uneducated grocer, and an artisan whom hard necessity has prevented from educating himself, are all pretty equally intolerant of difference of opinion. Whatever they happen to think, or to believe that they think, they cannot endure to have called in question. They are like Tristram Shandy's father. "He pick'd up an opinion, sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple; it becomes his own, and if he is a man of spirit he would lose his life rather than give it up." If a working-man is an intense believer, he would, just like a bigoted shopkeeper or licensed victualler, gladly give the body of Dr. Colenso or any other heterodox person to be burned. If he has embraced the negative tenets of that peculiarly arid infidelity which prevails, in the manufacturing districts of the North and elsewhere, under the generic name of Secularism, he would like to see all religious bodies suppressed by Act of Parliament. But extreme tenacity of this sort is a natural and inevitable growth in every half-educated mind. It is one of the supreme results of prolonged culture to have acquired a large and liberal mind. Complete openness of spirit is the crowning intellectual virtue. Why should the working-man be unlike anybody else who has not had time or opportunity to get this difficult width of view? As it is, he is treated as if he were in no respect like other mortals. One set of people endow him with all the virtues of which a pre-human nature is capable. Another despise and abuse him as a blockhead and a sot, and a raging enemy against the British Constitution and the Christian religion.

It is exceedingly interesting, from this point of view, to watch the controversy that is going on between two sections of the London artisans, about the opening of Museums on Sundays. And it is interesting in more ways than one. It is curious, in the first place, to see the difference which exists between the modes of discussing the matter among London working-men and among Glasgow presbyters. The debate which was occasioned by Dr. Macleod's very remarkable declaration of opinion about what Scotchmen choose to call the Sabbath is worth reading as a sample of four-fifths of the polemical literature in the world. The adroit style in which the disputants keep well away from the true point at issue, and diligently beat the wind, is beyond admiration. The most voluble of the Sabbatarian champions assured the Assembly that he was "prepared to quote the Fathers and Pliny at considerable length, but I spare the patience of my fathers and brethren." He also maintained that we have repeated allusions to the Hebrew custom of training their children in the ways of religion, and proved it by two stanzas from the Psalms of exquisite beauty and rhythm:—

His testimony and His law  
In Israel He did place,  
And charged our fathers it to show  
To their succeeding race.  
That so the race which was to come  
Might well them learn and know;  
And sons unborn who should arise  
Might to their sons them show.

As if anything that Pliny said, or any number of Hebrew customs, could affect the propriety of running Sunday trains morning and evening between Edinburgh and Glasgow, or of letting people see pictures at South Kensington which a year ago nobody thought it wrong for them to see at Hampton Court. We fear, however, that this zealous defender of the faith injured himself by confessing that he had *once* been in a railway train on the Sabbath—"a few minutes before midnight, when I started from the Continent on a nineteen hours' journey for home." No doubt crushing remorse has dogged him ever since. But there is more. "I have only been twice in a cab on Sabbath." To a really pious Scot this must have sounded as horrible as if he had said, "I have not forged a cheque more than twice," or "I have only committed murder twice." We should be very curious to hear this divine's exposition of the statement that "the letter killeth." The reason why he repents of these few minutes before Monday morning—and these, after all, were a matter of longitude and clocks—is that we require "a day when we are to rest from sin and shame, and work and care." On other days, then, we may go in for sin and shame as much as we like; though it may be asked whether a man who does go in for shame and sin on the other days can put them out of his nature by simply putting on his Sunday clothes.

The agitators among the London artisans, as might be expected, approach the question from quite another side. With them it has advanced to a stage beyond texts. In the various public discussions that have taken place in London, the view of the Scriptures, of the Fathers, and even of Pliny, has ceased to be debated. The question of opening Museums on Sunday is treated entirely on the ground of expediency. The Sabbatarians do not, in public at all events, denounce their opponents as pagans and unbelievers, though it may be a private conviction that they are such. The opening of Museums is opposed on two grounds. First, that it

would entail additional labour on the attendants, and that an artisan who would himself object to work on Sundays has no right to ask others to work. Secondly, in the words of an artisan at one of the recent meetings, "they know that if the sanctity of the Seventh Day was once violated they might be called upon to labour on that day also, without any addition to their wages." Even Mr. Hughes is not ashamed to express his apprehension that the latter is a good reason for remaining as we are. On Thursday evening, he delighted one section of his audience by saying how much he feared that this would be "the thin end of the wedge." As if the very thing which made an artisan enjoy his holiday more keenly than he is allowed to do at present would be likely to make him more readily induced to part with it! However, the great point, which each side is at present strenuously trying to decide in its own favour, is whether the majority of the London artisans desire or approve the opening. And of the manner in which both parties pursue their strenuous endeavour nothing can be said that is too severe. The amount of bad language in which they indulge is quite unlimited. Each side calls the other a set of liars and cowards to begin with, though, so far as we have observed, the Sabbatarians resort to this admirable argument a good deal more freely than their opponents. Each side also does its very best to prevent the other from getting a fair hearing, though here too the Sabbatarians, being endowed by nature's kindly law of compensation with strength of lung to make up for lack of brain, seem to get the best of it. Two meetings have been held during the week, and more incredibly disgraceful spectacles could certainly not be imagined. The mixture of violent blackguardism and insensate folly, which characterised one as much as the other, cannot be realized by anybody who was not present. One does not expect to find a great crowd of working-men behaving on all occasions with the gravity and seamliness of an assembly of sages. Even those who talk nonsense about the great heart of the people can scarcely pretend to expect this. We might, however, expect something better than the tumult in the Ephesian Theatre. But there is nothing else to which it can be compared. A resolute decision that nobody who differs from him in opinion should be allowed a hearing possesses the breast of every man present; and what with the screaming and bellowing of his enemies, and the necessary counter-screaming and counter-bellowing of his friends, not a single speaker has a chance of saying what he wishes. Men get up in parts of the crowd and harangue little knots of their neighbours—if they are so fortunate as not to be summarily pulled down from their chair by an adversary or a rival. If you are in one of those still pools that may be found in the midst of the surging sea, you witness little verbal duels between men who seem to be barely restrained from flying at one another's throats. The Sabbatarian roars out that his adversary is a liar, and the exasperated adversary retorts by calling his assailant "a Christian," or a "costermonger from the New Cut," with perhaps an ungracious epithet before each. In an occasional lull, while the great heart of the people is taking breath, Mr. Hughes or Mr. Newman Hall ventures to remonstrate upon the "ungenerous, unfair, very un-English" conduct of the crowd. This, of course, is the signal for immense cheers; then come the counter-cheers, and the indescribable uproar recommences with its former steadiness. Some of the newspapers tell us dreadful things of the blackguardism and uproar attending a prize-fight, but, on the whole, we are disposed to think that the blackguardism of a Sabbatarian meeting is a good deal worse. The rough of the ring would, perhaps, take your breast-pin, but he would do it with comparative gentleness. The fanatical or religious rough would take his adversary's life, if he could; and he boils over with acrimony and virulence meanwhile.

In such scenes as these there is not much chance of getting any light thrown upon the actual state of feeling among the working-classes about Sunday. It seems certain, however, that the deputation from the Sunday League who first waited on Lord Granville were really delegated by the Trades' Societies, and did really represent, officially too, a very large number of artisans. And it seems certain that the deputation on the other side made a good many statements for which they had no authority, and for which they could hardly help knowing they had no authority. Two things are quite clear. There is, at least, a very enormous minority who would go to Museums on Sunday afternoons. And, secondly, the notion that the minority, however considerable, has any right to be allowed to do as it likes never occurs to the minds of the majority, nor, for that matter, of the minority either. This is, perhaps, the most significant feature about the whole agitation; and though it may show that the working-classes are divided among themselves like other classes, it also shows very plainly that they are disposed to respect no rights but those of numbers. It should be said, however, that the Sunday question is scarcely a fair one on which to test them. The agitators on the anti-Sabbatarian side appear to pursue the worst possible tactics. Their wisdom may be judged from the fact that on Thursday evening the most conspicuous among them could not refrain from lugging in by the ears a passage about Jamaica, as if Jamaica could have anything whatever to do with South Kensington and Raffaele's cartoons. Then, again, through the adroitness of their enemies and their own exceeding clumsiness combined, they have allowed themselves to be brought into a position of ostensible hostility to the very popular movements for Early Closing, Saturday Half-holidays, and the opening of the Museums on the evenings of week-days. They seem to think,

too, that the most rational method of getting a hearing in a divided assembly is simply to go on reiterating, again and again, the very proposition which occasions the division. We can scarcely expect the objects of the Sunday League to be attained until they are pursued in a less bungling way. The present agitators seem to combine the acrimony and virulence of serpents with the silliness of doves, and this is by no means the mixture that is required.

#### THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE RED-BOOK.

WITH the last day of November another Volunteer year has been completed; and though some time must elapse before the condition of the force is shown by official reports, enough is known to serve as a foundation for a broad estimate of the progress made. Probably the numbers returned as efficient will not exhibit any falling off, and they may even show a continuance of the growth which was so conspicuously visible last year. The Volunteer army is no doubt solidly established, and we may the more safely and the more usefully call attention to weak points which may be easily dealt with now, though neglect might develop them into serious evils.

The London and the country Volunteers are so differently situated that it is not surprising that the one class should be strongest precisely where the other is most weak. Accordingly, in rural districts, the complaint most commonly heard is the difficulty of finding officers, while in London it sometimes happens that the number of privates present at parade bears much less than its due proportion to that of the officers and non-commissioned officers. And the reason for this distinction is not very far to seek. Of necessity a company raised within the limits of a thinly-inhabited country district is composed, in a great degree, of men to whom even the moderate expenditure incumbent on a Volunteer is a matter of importance. Officers, who are drawn from a wealthier class, have naturally done their best (especially in the early days of Volunteer enthusiasm) to spare the pockets of their rank and file, and the practice of throwing almost all the incidental expenses of a corps upon the commissioned officers has been gradually hardening into a custom. From a thousand causes, vacancies must frequently occur, and the burdens which have become associated with Volunteer command naturally enough deter many who would otherwise be candidates for a commission. In London, on the other hand, there is ordinarily so little difficulty in raising all needful funds from the rank and file as to leave the officers almost entirely free from any special tax. But the fact that the metropolitan battalions are recruited from a less homogeneous and, on the average, a richer class than those in the country, renders it much more difficult to collect their scattered members when a full muster is required. These varying conditions of a service so comprehensive as the Volunteers will never be wholly got rid of, nor would it be desirable, even if possible, to stamp the whole force with one monotonous pattern. Variety is an evidence, if not an essential condition, of vitality, and we do not regret the minor contrasts which may be traced between town and country. Nor is the advantage by any means all one way. If a country captain may be somewhat severely punished by the pecuniary exigencies of his position, much may be done to mitigate the evil by an economy in husbanding the Government grant; and in many of the smaller corps it is satisfactory to find that the proportion of men who earn the full capitulation allowance is such as none of the large Middlesex battalions have ever approached. A little sacrifice on the part of the social leaders of country districts will suffice to fill up the vacant commissions, and a moderate amount of good management will reduce the money part of the sacrifice to very small dimensions.

The difficulties of the town corps are not so easy to grapple with. Officers without rank and file are in a more hopeless plight than even privates with no one to command them; and whatever the returns may be of men who have just kept the minimum number of qualifying drills, it is a very general complaint in the London regiments that the muster for a parade or a march-out is seldom what it used to be. It is not so much a matter of course as it is in the country for every man of suitable age and opportunity to join a rifle corps. The younger generation of Volunteers lack some of the enthusiasm of the first batch of recruits; and even those who duly qualify in the ranks and at the butts show much less alacrity than their predecessors in their attendance upon military duties. Some little slackening of ardour may seem natural enough, and it has not yet sufficed to prevent the continuous increase of the force; but a trifle more of the old enthusiasm, when the streets and the parks constantly echoed the tramp of the Volunteers, would not be unwelcome, nor need it be deplored if when we know that the musters of scores of country corps have grown stronger with every year. A little more consciousness of the duty and the pleasure of Volunteering, among those who should be the recruits of our London corps, would supply the gaps which are now beginning to be felt as the older members of the various corps are, from one cause or another, withdrawn.

Some other drawbacks to the prosperity of the metropolitan corps are to be found in external circumstances. The size of London is almost fatal to the encouragement of shooting, and the supply of such butt accommodation as would be otherwise available has been grievously curtailed by the unpatriotic churlishness of the owners and occupiers of land, who have found it an easy, and often a profitable, thing to apply for injunctions against rifle-practice, on the plea of a possible—though, as far as past experience

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goes, a wholly imaginary—danger. Many ranges have been shut up; many more have a very precarious existence; and the establishment of new butts has become almost impossible, in consequence of the facility with which any ill-disposed neighbour may close a range, or exact black-mail for his forbearance. The consequence has been that rifle-shooting does not grow in and about London, while it is making rapid progress in almost every country district. There is obviously no remedy for this evil but that of extending to the practice-grounds of Volunteers, when duly certified, the same protection against capitious complaints which secures the Government from a writ of injunction against the continuance of practice at Plumstead or Milton. As a matter of fact, it is notorious that the risk of accident is less at almost all Volunteer ranges than it is at the Government butts, and there is no reason why they should not have the same measure of protection.

If the lack of officers in the country, and of energetic recruits in town, are among the least favourable symptoms of the present time, there is yet another cloud (small, at present, as a man's hand) which may, if developed, cause still greater discouragement in future. From the beginning of the movement, nothing could be more judicious than the spirit in which the soldier's first duty of obedience was impressed on the Volunteers—nothing more hearty than the goodwill with which every man in the force accepted the discipline which the authorities enforced. There has been no want of firmness (whatever the *Times* may say) in Lord De Grey's dealings with the Volunteers, but he has shown his appreciation of the nature of the force by allowing it to grow with as much freedom as was compatible with efficiency, and sparing it the annoyance of pedantic and excessive regulation. All that was essential in tactics was prescribed and observed, and the minor variations which gave individuality to many of the best Volunteer corps were rather encouraged than condemned. No regiments, indeed, received so large a measure of official praise as those which possessed the most of this distinctive character. Colonel Bower's troop, trained on a principle not to be found in any drill-book, was, according to the expressed opinions of some of the most brilliant and experienced officers of our own and foreign services, an almost perfect organization for the special work for which it was designed. Nor was less encouragement given to a similar tendency among the infantry battalions. The same generous spirit pervaded the whole administration and discipline of the force, and the easy yoke of the War Office was borne, not only with submission, but with pleasure and gratitude. Some indications have, however, appeared of an approaching change in this policy of the War Office, and a significant speech which was recently delivered by the Inspector-General may perhaps not unreasonably be read as a manifesto of the altered programme. At the close of the inspection of a well-known Volunteer battalion, Colonel Erskine, if he is correctly reported, delivered an address which can only be understood as a solemn condemnation of much that in past years has been honoured by the highest official approval. The absolute necessity of conforming with rigid precision to the minutest rules of the Red-book which is at present the manual of drill for the British army, might, under other circumstances, have furnished the text of an official homily without implying any serious intention of reversing the policy of indulgence which has hitherto governed the relations of the War Office to the Volunteers; but the speech derived, and was probably meant to derive, peculiar significance from the audience to whom it was addressed. Mainly owing to the genius of the late Colonel Brewster, the Inns of Court corps has occupied a position among the infantry battalions of Volunteers in some degree analogous to that of Bower's Horse in the cavalry arm. Himself distinguished in the Rifle Brigade, which Volunteers have hitherto been taught to regard as the highest model for their imitation, Brewster brought to his Volunteer command a vivid conception of the distinction between the essentials and the pedantries of drill. He knew that from a body of sharp-witted lawyers he might expect an amount of ready intelligence which it would be vain to seek from a plough-tail recruit. He knew, too, that it would be impossible to drill busy civilians into that wonderful mechanical precision which is as pretty on a smooth parade-ground as it is useless in the rough work of actual service. Thoroughly appreciating the materials he had to deal with, he saw that the essential military qualities of rapidity and handiness might be developed almost without limit, while it would be hopeless to emulate the absolutely faultless dressing and perfect wheels of a battalion of the Guards. It never distressed him if one of the buttons of private 590 protruded an inch in advance of the line, and he would generally have got through half a dozen fresh movements before a critical spectator could bring a theodolite to bear to discover the defect. But though he despised minutiae of this kind, that captain was in evil plight who failed to get his company dressed sufficiently for all practical purposes in the two or three seconds which was all that Brewster ever allowed for the purpose. In everything that was merely ornamental he was lenient, and, as some thought, lax; but in all that went to increase the rapidity and substantial accuracy with which a new formation was taken up he was the most exacting officer that ever commanded a battalion. With his keen eye for all the possibilities of tactics, and for the special capacities and incapacities of his own men, he found that there were many little variations from the rather antiquated system of the Red-book which he could introduce with wonderful effect. Many of these he brought with him from his old regiment, whose brilliant reputation as skirmishers was mainly due to the practical improvements which they had been

wisely allowed to graft upon the drill-book of the Line. What Brewster did with his Volunteers was to develop the same improvements with a freer hand than is permitted even among green-coated soldiers in the regular army. If his line or his skirmishers were supposed to be threatened by cavalry, he did not think he was doing wrong to get them into square in half the time which the orthodox mode of performing the movement required; and, in skirmishing, he matured a drill by which he could manoeuvre his men, from the front to the flank, from extended order into square—and; in short, from anywhere to anywhere—with a rapidity and freedom which formed a brilliant contrast to the light infantry book-drill which is rigidly enforced upon all the regiments of the army except those which are specially designed for skirmishing practice.

All these, and a host of other minute departures from the letter of the regulations, were of course offences against red-tape; but in his day the tape of the War Office was of the mildest tinge of pink, and instead of snubbing Brewster for the many improvements which his fertile genius developed, his official superiors encouraged in every way a course which not only inspired his own battalion with almost unexampled spirit and vivacity, but promised to pave the way, by actual experiment, for the introduction into future editions of the Red-book of novelties which would render it more capable of doing justice to the bravery and discipline of the soldiers of the British army. We need not say that the brilliant irregularities of Brewster's drill would have been quite impossible, or at any rate could never have been carried to the extent they were, if they had not met with the warmest encouragement. On every possible occasion his battalion received, from inspecting officers and generals in command, commendations which perhaps exceeded their deserts, and which were never qualified by the faintest implication of a censure of the innovating spirit out of which they had grown. The very skirmishing, in which he offended most glaringly against the strict prescriptions of the book, was invariably singled out for special praise; and this by officers of every grade and position, not excluding the very highest of all. What the result was everybody knows. On an average, each movement of Brewster's corps occupied less than a minute, and he was no doubt as well pleased to hear the accustomed exclamation, "How handy they are," as the finest regiments in the army can be at the recognition of their absolutely perfect precision.

No one can suppose that a sermon on the plenary inspiration of the Red-book could have been addressed to so peculiar a corps without a special purpose, intended to be understood by the whole Volunteer force; and it must, we think, be assumed to be the rule henceforth that no Volunteer battalion shall presume to depart from the strict drill of the Line, even to the extent which is tolerated in those splendid Rifle regiments which Volunteers have hitherto delighted to regard as their models. Indeed, the Inns of Court men seem to have been previously made aware of the change of tone in the War Office, for we observe that Colonel Erskine congratulated them on having already to a great extent abandoned the peculiarities on which they formerly prided themselves. That they, and all other Volunteers, comprehend the obligations of discipline sufficiently to conform without reservation to the new requirements of the War Office, and will learn to go through orthodox manoeuvres with adequate deliberation, no one can doubt; but it is a grave question whether it would at any time have been wise to cramp the Volunteers by so rigidly insisting on absolute uniformity, and it is a still graver question whether it is judicious to apply this stringent discipline to men who, for the first five years of their military existence, were taught to believe that any innovations which increased their efficiency would be not only tolerated, but encouraged and applauded. Of course there is something to be said on the other side, and Colonel Erskine made the best point that could be made when he insisted that uniformity of tactics was essential for all battalions intended to work together. To a certain extent, this is not only true, but obvious. Everything which affects the position of a battalion in its brigade must be done on a uniform plan; but the same reason does not apply to the internal evolutions of the battalion itself. It has never been found that the peculiarities of the Rifle Brigade have interfered with their manoeuvres in conjunction with other troops, and it is certain that the still greater eccentricities of the Inns of Court never occasioned any inconvenience when they were brigaded, at Brighton and elsewhere, with other corps which had been drilled more strictly in accordance with the letter of the Red-book. They were never, on such occasions, accused of being found out of their place or behind their time, and the only practical objection to their special training was the very slight one that a company of another regiment, if attached to them, would have found itself at first as uncomfortable as a company of Guards would do if attached to the Rifle Brigade. On the other hand, there may be a real disadvantage in the absolute prohibition of all shades of variety in drill. The English Red-book was borrowed in the main from the system of drill which the Austrians have been taught by the disasters of Magenta and Solferino to abandon, or at least to modify. With much that may be useful is combined much that is admitted to be pedantic; and if no officer is allowed to test the value of novelties that occur to him, either with regular soldiers or with Volunteers, it is not easy to see how the system is ever to grow to its fullest perfection. But, quite apart from these military considerations, it is surely worth while for the War Office to consider whether rigid compliance

with rules which have been allowed to sleep from the first formation of the Volunteer army may not be purchased too dearly. Respectable militia battalions may, no doubt, be manufactured in any number according to regulation, but the life and enthusiasm of more than one Volunteer regiment may evaporate if they are refused the permission hitherto accorded them to grow a little according to their natural bent.

#### THE WESTMINSTER CHAPTER-HOUSE.

WESTMINSTER is at once the glory and the shame of England. The Abbey Church is, under certain conditions, one of the finest religious edifices in Europe, if not the finest; and, with certain shortcomings, the New Palace of Westminster takes the first place among those revivals of the ancient spirit of architecture in combination with modern appliances which are an especial characteristic of our times. And yet Westminster must present an amazing and puzzling spectacle to the intelligent foreigner, who appears now as an Assolant, now as an Esquires. For example, that London should have such a river as the Thames, that in the whole length by which it traverses London, from the Horseferry to Blackwall, its shores should be totally and entirely appropriated by private owners, and that the very sight of their river should be denied to all Londoners, is odd. But it is characteristic. It is the old story. As the English law has grown up, nobody knows how, a thick brushwood of cases and precedents, and still awaits the codifying and systematizing intellect, so it has been reserved for the nineteenth century to await its Thwaites and the Thames Quays. The ill-usage which the Thames has met with is common to London and Westminster; and, after all, is only a case of leaving undone what we ought to have done. But Westminster presents at least one instance of a great and positive abuse and wrong. We are speaking of the Chapter-House. When the Abbey was built, or rather reconstructed, by Henry III., its Royal founder aimed high. He meant to build a church to which the epithet "incomparable" should apply. The adjuncts and accessories of such a church were planned in accordance with the main structure; and first among the necessary *entourage* of a large minster is its Chapter-House. As everybody knows, a Chapter-House in a monastery is the common hall and solemn place of assembly for the brethren. It is an essential of an Abbey Church. The Chapter-House at Westminster was, in its way, one of the noblest pieces of mediæval art. Built at the very culmination of that glorious period of Christian art, the Westminster Chapter-House must have fully realized its founder's ambitious aim. It was incomparable, if beauty of proportion, sumptuousness of material, and stately propriety and completeness in its decorations of marble, painting, gilding, and coloured glass can realize perfection in art. An octagon presents the notion of mathematical completeness, while a single central shaft supporting a vaulted roof gives that happy suggestion of grace and strength which was the ideal of the Hellenic Apollo.

But the history of the Chapter-House is very curious. It was built by a King, and close to the seat of Government. It is difficult exactly to understand the way in which the State and Church were in those days interpenetrated, to use Dean Stanley's happy phrase. No sooner was the Chapter-House completed than the Royal founder wanted a use for it, not exactly in accordance with its original purpose. That its design and purpose was an ecclesiastical one, and that it was built solely for the use of the monks of Westminster, there can be no question. The Westminster Chapter-House is only a fine example of the Chapter-Houses of the period, and differs but little from the nearly contemporaneous Chapter-House at Salisbury. But the completion of the structure witnessed the first faint struggling entrance into the world of what was destined to overshadow and control Royal palaces, Royal ministers, and all that the world of that day considered most stable in things civil and ecclesiastical. The Commons of England came into being. The King wanted money, and Knights and Burgesses—so we may roughly state it—came together for an end which could certainly have been foreseen by few members of the first House of Commons. We can scarcely suppose that this was, in the thirteenth century, a very august or imposing assembly, but it wanted a place of meeting at the seat of Government in Westminster. The Chapter-House was close by and convenient, and it was the manner of the times that assemblies, secular or religious, should meet in religious houses. In point of fact there were no other public buildings for public purposes. Churches in those days were often used for other objects than divine worship. The formal notion of isolating a church for religious services is perhaps a growth of time and reverence. But there was nothing strange in those days for a Parliament, or lay Assembly of the State, to meet in a cathedral. It does not, however, follow that because the nascent Parliament met in the Chapter-House, the ecclesiastical use of the building sank into immediate abeyance. Dean Stanley seems to think that the Chapter-House was never used by the monastic body. Be this as it may, the Commons of England, having once got possession of the Chapter-House, kept it. It is characteristic of that body that it seldom does relinquish a privilege or an acquisition won or wrenched from Church or State. And so the Commons met regularly at the Chapter-House of Westminster, and their last sitting there was that at which the death of Henry VIII. was announced. They then moved over the way to more convenient lodgings in St. Stephen's Chapel, vacant by the general suppression of religious houses.

From that hour grief and desolation settled on the deserted Chapter-House. The Public Records and State-papers were stowed away in what was now only valuable as a lumber-room, and for the last three centuries the Chapter-House has been gradually, but persistently, consigned to ruin. The noble windows have been blocked up, the vaulted roof has been taken down, the frescoed walls have been whitewashed, the tessellated floor has been hidden, the whole exterior has been utterly destroyed, and the interior has been be-floored and be-galleried and be-cupboarded by huge ranges of boxes and presses and shelves, which are now entirely empty, as the Records have been removed to the new Record Office in Fetter Lane.

It will have been observed that, though the original purpose of the Chapter-House was ecclesiastical, its use for the first three centuries of its existence was certainly secular. And at the time of the Reformation it was not reconveyed or assigned to the Dean and Chapter; that is, to the new foundation which superseded the old monks. The Crown retained the Chapter-House entirely in its own hands; and the building has never been the property of the Dean and Chapter. They have never had any control over it, and have never had even the right of entrance to it. By usage, occupancy, law, and prescription, the Chapter-House at Westminster is as much and as solely the property of the Crown as the Castle at Windsor. Whatever its condition may be, the Crown is responsible for it; whatever discredit attaches to the owners of the Chapter-House for such condition attaches to the Crown. The Crown received it, or appropriated it, new, beautiful, stately, and complete; the Crown has held it ever since; and the Crown retains it at this moment—a monument of decay and neglect, a national scandal, and a reproach to the whole country and to our age. It is scarcely needful to say what any other country would do if it possessed such a gem of art as this Chapter-House at Westminster. It is scarcely necessary to say what any other body or corporation would in these days do with the Westminster Chapter-House were it not State property. The Sainte-Chapelle at Paris is an instance one way; the restored Chapter-House at Salisbury is an instance in another direction. Were the Westminster Chapter-House in Paris, or did it belong to the Dean and Chapter, it would at the present moment be one of the chief ornaments, as now it is one of the chief disgraces, of the seat of Government.

Such a state of things in these days could not very easily continue unnoticed, or without some attempt to improve it. From time to time various growlings and grumbings of ecclesiologists and archaeologists and antiquarians, and men of taste generally, have been heard about the Westminster Chapter-House. A few years ago an indignation meeting was held; and a committee was appointed to see what could be done, and, we suppose, to do it when they saw it. For some reason or other, though everything was seen, nothing was done. But it was not at all likely that such a work as the restoration of the Chapter-House would simply die off. The Society of Antiquaries, the accredited guardians and unofficial conservators of national monuments and antiquities, have bestirred themselves; and on Saturday last they held a meeting in the Chapter-House itself—thinking, and not unreasonably, that the sight of the squalor and miserable decay would be the best and most forcible argument for the restoration of the edifice. All sorts of notables were present, and, as they say, the meeting was a very successful one, alike as regards numbers, authority, and enthusiasm. An admirable historical sketch of the history of the building was read by the Dean of Westminster, and every association dear to the British mind was invoked. Here was one of the finest mediæval structures in the world consigned to destruction. Could taste and archaeology consent to endure the continuance of this wrong? Here was the temple of British liberty, the cradle of that infant Hercules, the English House of Commons. In the name of constitutional government all over the world, was not this sacred spot dear to the antipodes, dear to struggling Italy, dear to the Parliaments of Victoria and Sydney, dear to the City of Washington, dear to the black Witenagemote of Jamaica? It is needless to state that all that a meeting could do was done, all that ought to have been said was said, all the energy that could be pledged was pledged. But the real significance of this very proper effort to retrieve and repair a national disgrace was the presence of Mr. William Cowper, the Chief Commissioner of Works, and the special guardian of the Chapter-House as one of the Government buildings. Mr. Cowper expressed, and expressed very well, his entire personal concurrence with the objects of the meeting, and his sympathy with the speakers, and with their desire to restore the Chapter-House to its original condition. But, with not unnatural official reserve, he hinted at the difficulties with which Government would have to deal if they proposed a grant—say of 20,000*l.* Mr. Scott's moderate, and, we should say, inadequate estimate for the restoration of the building. Mr. Cowper doubted, or officially affected to doubt, whether Parliament, as representing the national sentiment, was yet sufficiently educated to restore the Chapter-House merely as a monument of art, and in itself only an object of beauty rather than utility. If a practical use could be found for the restored Chapter-House, Parliament would vote the funds; but for mere restoration Mr. Cowper doubted whether the money would be forthcoming. To this the answer is—Try. Why should we distrust Parliament, its patriotism, its taste, its sense of ordinary decency and propriety, in this matter? Is there anything in the constitution of Parliament or in the atmosphere of New Palace Yard which transforms a sense of propriety

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elsewhere into a tolerance of impropriety there? We shall believe that Parliament will be deaf to the appeal about the Chapter-House when it declines to hear it or entertain it. Besides, the House of Commons is doing every Session what it is asked to do in the case of the Chapter-House. We buy majolica, and Italian sculptures, and old ivories, and admirable terra cottas, and valuable pictures, and specimens of sculpture and glass, inlaying and carving, whenever we can get them; and we send them to South Kensington and arrange them in a museum; and we say that they have a high educational value, and that they elevate the national taste, and convey notions of the beautiful and the true to the masses. And, though this is rather fine talk, there is something, and indeed a good deal, in it. Anyhow, it is the only justification for the South Kensington vote; and it is the justification which Parliament willingly accepts. Now what is the restored Chapter-House but just this very thing? It is not only a national monument, but an art specimen of great and precious beauty. Why not apply at our very doors the rules which we practise in Italy? If we buy an expensive piece of sculpture to educate the people, we may just as well clean up and repair an expensive work of art which is at hand, and of which the only thing against it is that it happens to be our own. Were the Chapter-House at Westminster in Verona, and were it for sale, we should very cheerfully, under the advice of the South Kensington savans, buy it, and transport it stone by stone, or perhaps bodily, to Brompton; and we should think that we had done something very clever. Why not ask Parliament to do for its own property what it would willingly do if the property belonged to a foreign dealer or connoisseur?

Yet we cannot but think that Mr. Cowper may, if he pleases, avoid the difficulty which he indicated. If, it was hinted, Parliament is to be asked for money to restore the Chapter-House, Parliament must settle what use the restored building must be applied to; and Government must be ready with a prospective scheme such as will recommend itself to Parliament. We see no necessity for this. Let the application to Parliament take the retrospective rather than the prospective line. Let the future of the Chapter-House be consigned to the future. We are mainly, and certainly as regards the Government, concerned with the past. The Crown has a very good title to the Chapter-House; we are far from denying this. But it is past question that the Chapter-House was not originally built or intended for the uses to which for so many centuries it has been consigned. Whether we view the Crown as the original possessor, or appropriator, or tenant, or what not, there can be no doubt that the Crown has neglected every duty, either of owner or tenant. There is such a thing as waste; there is such an offence as that of committing dilapidations. This the Crown has done. The Crown received a beautiful building; it has now got a crazy one. It found its Rome marble; it leaves it deal and cobwebs. The Crown has now no use for the Chapter-House; it simply leaves it to fall down and rot off the face of the earth. Why not hand it over to some body that would reverence and preserve and "rehabilitate" it, with a sum in the shape of dilapidations, conscience-money, unpaid property-tax, or the like. For six centuries the Crown has had this building, and has never spent six pounds upon it, except to disfigure and spoil and mutilate it. Would a repayment of rent, say at 50*l.* a year for six centuries, be wrong either in morality or propriety? Or would a round sum of 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.*, in the way of payment for dilapidations and waste, be an excessive fine upon the Crown for its past neglects either as landlord or tenant of the Chapter-House? This way of putting the application to Parliament—that is, of asking only for a pecuniary acknowledgement of past neglects—would have at least this substantial advantage, that as regards the mere and immediate restoration of the Chapter-House (the only thing that we are at present concerned with), the advocates for such restoration would not find themselves hampered with any views or plans for any purpose or object to which the restored edifice might be put. For instance, it would relieve us from pronouncing on the scheme propounded, not very adroitly, by the Dean of St. Paul's, for turning the Chapter-House into a receptacle for busts and statues and modern monuments for eminent men—a suggestion, by the way, which did not meet with much sympathy from the meeting on Saturday.

## REVIEWS.

### ARCHBISHOP LAUD.\*

LAUD is one of the many persons whose character has never been fairly studied, because his name has been made into a kind of symbol by two parties fiercely opposed to each other. Lord Macaulay, in his review of *Hallam's Constitutional History*—written, it is true, when he was twenty-seven years of age—breaks out into the following characteristic expressions:—"For Laud we entertain a more unmitigated contempt than for any other character in our history. The fondness with which a portion of our Church regards his memory can be compared only to that perversity of affection which sometimes leads a mother to select the monster or the idiot of the family as the object of her especial affection." The Parliament should have sent him to Oxford to continue "that incomparable Diary which we never see without forgetting the vices of his heart in the imbecility of his intellect." "Con-

temptuous mercy was the only vengeance which it became the Parliament to take on such a ridiculous old bigot." There is a considerable dash of the Cambridge Union about this; but it seems to have expressed not unfairly the deliberate opinion of Lord Macaulay. On the other hand, the "portion of our Church" referred to has been of a diametrically opposite opinion. In his preface to *Laud's Diary* (which is adorned with pictures of stiff little angels saying their prayers and other quasi-ascetic devices) Dr. Newman draws a picture of Laud which, if quieter and in better taste than Lord Macaulay's—it was written in 1839, when Dr. Newman was nearly forty years old—is quite as strong in the opposite direction. Laud is described as a Christian of the primitive type, "cast in a mould of proportions that are much above our own, and of stature akin to the elder days of the Church." There is some speculation as to whether he was technically a martyr, and the writer inclines to think he was. In short, the "ridiculous old bigot" towers above the level of common men, and rises into an atmosphere which they cannot affect even to breathe. Such works as this preface hardly affect the character of dispassionate critical inquiry, and they considerably exaggerate the sentiment of the older class of Tories and High Churchmen. These, however, were sufficiently strong, as may be inferred from the well-known lines in the *Vanity of Human Wishes*:—

See when the vulgar 'scapes despised or awed,  
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud;  
Marked out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,  
And fatal learning leads him to the block.  
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,  
But hear his fate, ye blockheads great, and sleep.

If we want to get some notion of the man as he really was, we must turn from the views of later partisans, and look at the evidence supplied by his own works and by those who knew him. It is always convenient, even in the case of a man so well known, to have under the eye the leading dates of his life. They were as follows:—Laud was born at Reading, October the 5th, 1573. He was elected Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1593. After holding different livings, he was elected President of his College in 1611, and was made Chaplain to James I. In 1615 he became Archdeacon of Huntingdon; in 1621 Bishop of St. David's. In 1622 he had his famous controversy with the Jesuit Fisher; and in 1624 he was put into the High Commission Court. In 1626 he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, in 1628 Bishop of London. In 1630 he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in August 1633 he became Archbishop of Canterbury. From this time till the meeting of the Long Parliament he was nearly in the position of a Prime Minister, and was the chief agent in all the arbitrary acts of the time, such as the High Commission prosecutions, the introduction of the Liturgy into Scotland, the licensing of books, and the like. One of the first acts of the Long Parliament was to send him to the Tower in March, 1641. His goods were plundered by various violent proceedings. He was brought to trial in March, 1644, for high treason. The proceedings lasted, under one form or another, till January, 1645, when he was beheaded, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The great events of Laud's life are too notorious to require, or even to justify, more than this passing reference; but it is worth while to try to get some sort of notion of the man from his writings. They consist of seven sermons; a report of the Conference with Fisher the Jesuit, held for the instruction of the Duke of Buckingham's mother; the Diary, of which Lord Macaulay spoke so contemptuously, and a small volume of private devotions; a variety of official papers connected with his duties as Chancellor of Oxford; reports of several of his speeches, especially of speeches at the Council Board and at the Court of High Commission; a history of his troubles and his trial; and a great mass of correspondence with various persons, of whom Strafford is the most remarkable. The most characteristic of them are his Conference with Fisher, his speeches, his Diary and book of devotions, and part of his correspondence. The history of his troubles is an intricate and prolix account of forgotten details; and a large part of his correspondence refers to current matters of business which have ceased to have any sort of importance.

The view of his character which these materials suggest to us is as far from that of Lord Macaulay as it is from that of Dr. Newman. To speak of Laud as a "ridiculous old bigot," and to balance the vices of his heart against the imbecility of his intellect, is as unjust as it is altogether unreal and fanciful to idealize him into a saint and martyr. It is hardly probable that Lord Macaulay had read any part of his works, with the exception of the grotesque bits of his Diary, when he launched his juvenile thunderbolts. It is impossible to read either his Conference with Fisher or his speeches at the Council Board and the Court of High Commission without seeing that Laud was a man of great ability and extensive learning. In particular, he had remarkable gifts of style. His sermons are rather good in their way, and are by no means pedantic for the age in which they were written. Concede that a preacher ought to consider his text as a motto for observations more or less appropriate to the special subject of the day, and it will be hard to deny to Laud the praise of making a good many judicious and sensible remarks on the topics which he handled. His writings are clear, lively, and simple. His style has none of the involution and amplitude, and very little of the pedantry, of that of many of his contemporaries. It is far simpler, for instance, than the style of Clarendon, and has comparatively little of the pedantry of Williams, or his biographer, Hackett. It has much resemblance,

\* Works of Archbishop Laud.

not merely in the choice and arrangement of words, but also in substance, to that of Chillingworth, whose discussion with Knott has much in common with Laud's Conference with Fisher. One point which the common notions of Laud certainly would not suggest is the existence of a distinct vein of humour in every part of his writings, especially in his correspondence with Strafford. They are continually joking with each other, especially on the subject of Oxford and Cambridge, on which ancient controversy they never miss a chance of having a little fun. Here and there this humorous vein takes the savage form, and shows what Clarendon meant by Laud's roughness of manner. Preaching, for instance, about some Dr. Cumming of the seventeenth century, who believed in the restoration of the Jews, he observes:—"I cannot tell here whether it is Balaam that prophesieth, or the beast he rode on." In a sermon on unity he gives this pithy piece of advice:—"Keep unity then, and be sour—it is honourable justice—upon any that shall endeavour to break it." In a speech on his trial, in answer to one by Lord Say, he thus remarks on his antagonist's complexion:—"What a happiness hath this lord, that his pale meagreness cannot blush at such a speech as this!" In his speech "at the censure of Bastwick, Burton, and Pryn," he observes:—"This is the misery, 'tis superstition nowadays for any man to come with more reverence into a church than a tinker and his bitch come into an ale-house." "The comparison," he adds, "is too homely, but my just indignation at the profaneness of the times makes me speak it."

If we turn from the style to the substance, and try to ascertain what Laud's real opinions were on the subjects on which his mind was most exercised, it will be very difficult for any fair critic to speak with contempt of him. The two great subjects on which he thought were religion and politics, which indeed in his age were only two sides of the same subject. His position in regard to each was very singular, and has, we think, been much misunderstood. How he came to receive the worship of the High Churchmen of our own day, except by the accident of his execution, it is hard to understand. The great characteristic of the Oxford movement was the height to which those who belonged to it carried the ascetic, devotional, unworldly side of religion. They surrounded themselves with an atmosphere of mystery and symbolism. They had a leaning to what the rest of the world described as superstition, and, in general, appeared to find a positive pleasure in believing as much as they could. To judge from his writings, there was singularly little, though there was just a touch, of this temper in Laud. In one or two of his prayers there is a trace of mysticism, and there are a few points in his Conference with Fisher which more or less lead up to it, but the general tone of his writings is quite the other way. The Conference with Fisher, as we have said, strongly resembles Chillingworth's *Religion of Protestants*, though it is not so systematic. The book, indeed, is put into such a form that it is not easy, especially near the beginning, to make out who is speaking, and on what occasion. Fisher had two conferences with Dr. White, and afterwards a third conference (24th May, 1622) with Laud. Fisher published in 1623 what his antagonists considered a very unfair account of the conferences. White and Laud replied by giving their own account in 1624. In 1626, Fisher published an answer under the initials "A.C." In 1639, Laud published his final account in the form in which it now stands in his works, replying upon "A.C." Much of it, therefore, falls into the form of—"You say that I said that you said so and so, and that I answered so and so; whereas you say that you said something else, and that my answer is wrong. Now I say that I never said that you said what you say that I said that you said, and my answer to what I said that you said was right." Moreover, "A.C.," "F.," "D. White," and "B." (i.e. Bishop Laud) come in, especially near the beginning, in a way which reminds the reader of the letter which old Mr. Weller and his literary friend jointly wrote to inform Sam of his stepmother's death. As the book goes on, however, Laud expounds his own views more and more fully, and with less and less reference to Fisher, and it can hardly be denied that they are very vigorously conceived and stated. There is, of course, a great deal about the Fathers, and what they did or did not believe, and much collateral skirmishing upon various topics; but the point on which the whole controversy really turns is the question, What is the ultimate test of belief? Fisher argued, as Archbishop Manning argues in the present day, that the Church was the only trustworthy witness for the Bible, and that a belief in Church authority was thus the only foundation upon which Christian faith could rest. Laud's answer to this is substantially the same as Chillingworth's, and, strange as it may appear, his answer will well bear repeating even now. He says with pithy vigour:—

I did never love too curious a search into that which might put a man into a wheel and circle him so long between proving Scripture by tradition and tradition by Scripture, till the devil find a means to dispute him into infidelity and make him believe neither. I hope this is not your meaning. Yet I doubt this question, How do you know Scripture to be Scripture? will cause more harm than you will ever be able to help by tradition, but I must follow that way which you lead me.

He then proceeds to discuss four different ways by which Scripture may be shown to bear the character claimed for it, the last of which is the use of natural reason; and this method Laud declares to be the right one, though he adds—and in this he differs, more perhaps in expression than in substance, from Chillingworth—that the conviction produced by natural reason in the first instance may be deepened by prayer, and by acquaintance with the character of the Bible, till it becomes stronger than the mere force of the

evidence would have made it. Reason, however, is the ultimate foundation of his whole system, and his style and habits of mind bear all the characteristics of that kind of rationalism. There is in all his writings a remarkable absence of the mystical emotional way of looking at religion, and he argues with all the sturdiness and point of a man who is thoroughly determined to know his own meaning and make other people know theirs. The following sentences are good instances of this:—

For it may further be asked why we should believe the Church's tradition, and if it be answered we may believe because the Church is infallibly governed by the Holy Ghost, it may yet be demanded of you how that may appear? And if this be demanded, either you must say you have it by special revelation, which is the private spirit you object to other men, or else you must attempt to prove it by Scripture, as all of you do.

Which of course would be a *petitio principii*. So, again:—

Their final answer is, they know it to be so because the present Roman Church witnesseth it according to tradition, so arguing *primo ad ultimum* from first to last; the present Church of Rome and her followers believe her own doctrine and tradition to be true and Catholic because she professes it to be such.

These are fair specimens of the terseness and vigour with which the whole book is written, and they certainly do not give the impression of a man of an imbecile mind. Besides this, Clarendon's description of Laud, and Laud's undoubted love for learning and learned men, and his benefactions to learned bodies, show that, whatever else he was, he was by no means a "ridiculous old bigot." The principal evidence to show that he was is supplied by his Diary. It certainly does contain a great many odd notes about dreams. Dr. Newman speaks of these passages, in his preface, as showing "a religious attention to dreams and possible indications of Providence." They do not appear to us in that light, nor does Lord Macaulay seem to be quite fair about them. In most cases the dreams are simply mentioned without any religious application at all. "July 7. I dreamed that I had lost two teeth." "Aug. 21. In my sleep it seemed to me that the Duke of Buckingham came into bed to me, where he behaved himself with great kindness towards me," &c. "Sept. 4. Afterwards I dreamed of Sackville Crow, that he was dead of the plague," &c. This is rather grotesque and queer than superstitious. There is nothing religious about the entries. Laud does not seem to have drawn any omen from the loss of his teeth or the fate of Sackville Crow. He would appear rather to have had a sort of fancy for putting down dreams in a Diary which contains all sorts of odds and ends—for instance, his getting lamed in one leg "by the biting of bugs," his being startled by two robin redbreasts flying into the room where he was writing a sermon, the elm leaves being still upon the trees on the 1st of December, "which few men have seen," and scores of other trifles. The Diary is a very short and slight affair altogether, and contains little that can fairly be considered remarkable. Perhaps the most striking sentence in it occurs in an entry on Strafford's execution. "His mishaps in this last action were that he groaned under the public envy of the nobles, served a mild and a gracious Prince who knew not how to be, nor it to be made, great," &c. This is a singular, and surely not a very saintly, criticism on Charles's character. It tallies well with Clarendon's constant complaints that Charles was uxorious, and so weak-minded that he always allowed himself to be guided by his inferiors.

To those who take their notions of him from his works it will probably appear that the true bent of Laud's mind was far more towards politics than towards theology. How far he really cared about religion, except as the leading political question of the day, is a matter on which it would be presumptuous to form an opinion. That he was as keen a politician as it was possible for a man to be does not admit of a doubt. His whole heart is in his correspondence with Strafford, and it is obvious enough that they felt for each other that kind of strong personal sympathy and liking which leads men to careless familiarity. It is sufficiently well known what their plans were, how they meant to carry them out, and what was the result. Often as the story has been told, there is one point in it specially connected with Laud, and singularly illustrative of his character and position, which is perhaps less generally known than it might be. This is the nature and practical drift of his views of Church government. We do not think that he was in the least degree disposed to be a Roman Catholic. We believe, on the contrary, that he had a genuine intellectual dislike to the Romish system, and that he had a good deal of sympathy with the incipient liberalism which was so strongly developed in Chillingworth, who wrote under his special patronage and direction, and in Jeremy Taylor, who was his chaplain. There are many passages in his Conference with Fisher, in his sermons, and in his speeches, which show that he held Hooker's theory of the identity of the Church and State, and that he was quite sufficiently inclined to despise the Puritans as illiberal and narrow-minded, and to entertain, *mutatis mutandis*, similar views of the Roman Catholics. This being so, it is no doubt a very odd question how his name came to be a proverb for petty narrow-minded bigotry. The answer is to be found in the theory of Church government which he wished to turn into fact. In common with many statesmen and writers of the day—Charles I., Clarendon, Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor, for instance—he believed with all his heart in the divine right of episcopacy; a doctrine, by the way, which has an aspect extremely unfavourable, and even diametrically opposed, to the later forms of Popery. This doctrine substantially was, that the Christian Church was an aristocracy of

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which the bishops were the rulers, each bishop having, by God's appointment, certain powers in his own bounds, and the bishops of each nation having also certain powers paramount to all human authority, and closely connected with and forming the natural support to the powers of the King, the origin of which was also divine. Like all aristocratic theories, this had no doubt its liberal and high-minded side. As we have shown on other occasions, it had a strong natural affinity for intellectual liberalism, and for learning of every kind. Moreover, the notion of a national Church, governed by an aristocracy of bishops closely united with the temporal rulers of the nation, is not only larger-minded than the notion of a conventicle, but is really far more dignified than the notion of an immense spiritual despotism with a Dalai Lama, in the shape of a Pope, at the head of it. It should never be forgotten that the modern Ultramontane view of the Church is not only irrational in itself, but is a modern innovation for which the world is obliged to a variety of ingenious authors, and especially to the Jesuits. The earlier view, and especially that of the Gallicans, attributed the greatest importance to the rights of national Churches, and Laud and his party held much the same sort of position, as far as Church government was concerned, as would have been held by the Gallican Church had Louis XIV. gone one step further than he actually went. Their theology was greatly more liberal.

It is important to recognise the dignified and attractive aspect of the intellectual side of Laud's theory, because the other side of it is better known. It cannot, however, be said that the evils usually ascribed to it are exaggerated. If ever there was a system in this world which deserved to be called a "tyranny of professors," it was the one which Laud and Strafford laboured to set up, and we are perhaps tempted rather to underrate than to overrate the danger of it. In the present day we are inclined to smile when a wrongheaded colonial bishop chooses to play at being a judge, and to try to set up a system of jurisprudence which he can mould at his own pleasure, under the name of the common law of the Church; but this in Laud's time was no laughing matter. There was then a real substantial contest, and a most acrimonious and doubtful one, between the law of the Church and the law of the land. So complete was the victory of the former that the way in which the battle was fought and won has been almost forgotten. A few words on the subject may perhaps be interesting to some of our readers. If the controversy between the lawyers and the divines had been clearly worked out, it would have resulted in two counter-propositions. The lawyers' proposition was that the ecclesiastical law of England was nothing else than that part of the law of England which related to ecclesiastical affairs, and that it owed its binding force to the will of the English Legislature. This view is worked out elaborately, and asserted with extreme and almost passionate emphasis, by Coke and Hale. The proposition of the divines was that the ecclesiastical law of England was the common law of the Christian Church as interpreted by clerical judges. To do full justice to their view of the subject, and especially to Laud's view of it, would no doubt be a matter of some difficulty; but this, in general terms, was its character, and the practical consequence was that, in the Court of High Commission and in the Ecclesiastical Courts all over the country, the clergy could make pretty nearly whatever laws they thought proper upon all ecclesiastical and moral subjects. In Clarendon's significant words, Laud was determined "that the discipline of the Church should be seen and felt as well as talked of," and the way in which he carried out his resolution is to be traced in all the proceedings of the High Commission Court. The imprisonment of persons of high rank for adultery, simply on the ground that adultery was a spiritual offence—or, in other words, a sin—was a strong illustration of the spirit in which he proceeded; but the general tendency of the system is seen more clearly in its daily application. This is to be traced in a curious publication of Archdeacon Hale on the records of the different Ecclesiastical Courts from the end of the fifteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century. The practical application of the system is set in the clearest possible light by this remarkable book. It shows that the clergy of the day, and especially the archdeacons, were more like our stipendiary magistrates than anything else. They held courts constantly, as often as twenty times a year, and took cognizance in them of every sort of moral offence—breach of trust, defamation, irregular attendance at church; above all, incontinence in all its forms. The procedure was by the course of the civil law, and the parties (till the lay power interfered to prevent it) were compelled, by what was called the oath *ex officio*, to give evidence against themselves. The consequences to which the parties were liable on conviction were either penance or excommunication, the temporal effects of which were most serious. The High Commission Court dignified, centralized, and methodized this power; and, if the Court had been able to maintain itself, it would have given the bishops a degree of power which, according to our modern notions, would have been altogether intolerable, and which, even in the seventeenth century, people were thoroughly determined to resist, even at the expense, if necessary, of civil war. To us it is not only easy to understand this feeling, but barely possible to understand how the state of things which called it forth should ever have come into existence. It ought, however, to be observed, and indeed it is one of the most curious points in the whole matter, that in point of discipline the Presbyterians (as witness the Scotch Kirk Sessions) were more severe than the bishops themselves, though probably they were more on a level with those over whom their power was exercised, and had in every way a greater hold

on their sympathies. It ought also to be observed that the dispute to which the King, the Church, and the two Houses were parties was emphatically a question, not of law or liberty, but of power and sovereignty. In England, as in every other part of Europe, the question, Who was sovereign? had, in the seventeenth century, to be settled by the same means by which the States of the American Union settled the other day whether they formed a nation or a confederacy. Logic might be chopped, and authorities quoted, to any length. The real question was, Whom did the people really wish and intend to obey? They were quite clear that they did not mean to obey the bishops or the clergy, except in a very modified manner indeed. They were divided between the King and the two Houses, though with a considerable majority, as events showed, against the King; and this was caused principally by his adherence to the bishops. Laud appears to us to have been a rather favourable specimen of the class to which he belonged, but his history leaves no room for doubt as to the reasons of the failure of his schemes. A learned, well-meaning, and, in his way, liberal-minded College Don is perhaps the last person in the world whom the English nation is likely to receive as a ruler and governor in all matters human and divine. We think that those who reviled him as a disguised Papist, or derided him as a bigot and fool, misunderstood him as much as those who turned him into a glorified saint. We also think that it was very wrong to cut off his head; but, with considerable intellectual merits, he was utterly intolerable as a Prime Minister, and deserved almost anything short of what actually happened to him.

In conclusion, we may give the following short extracts, both as remarkable in themselves and in proof of our assertion that there was a side on which Laud's views were directly opposed to bigotry, and were such as to expose him rather to the charge of liberalism. They occur in his speech at the censure of Fryn, Bastwick, and Burton. He had been charged with making innovations of a Popish kind in the Liturgy. The following are two of the charges, with his answers:—

The third innovation is, that the prayer for seasonable weather was purged out of the last fast-book, which was, say they, the cause of shipwrecks and tempestuous weather.

Ans. When this last book was set out, the weather was very seasonable. . . . 'Tis most inconsequent to say that the leaving that prayer out of the book of devotions caused the shipwrecks and the tempests which followed; and as bold they are with God Almighty in saying it was the cause, for sure I am God never told them it was the cause, and, if God never revealed it, they cannot come to know it.

Laud was also charged with having left out of the Litany a prayer to "cut off those workers of iniquity whose religion is rebellion." He justified himself as follows:—

If you make their religion to be rebellion, then you make their religion and rebellion to be all one, and that is against the ground both of State and law. For when divers Romish priests and Jesuits have deservedly suffered death for treason, is it not the constant and just profession of the State that they never put any man to death for religion, but for rebellion and treason only? Doth not the State truly affirm that there never was any law made against the life of a Papist, *quatenus* Papist only? and is not all this stark false if their very religion be rebellion? For if their religion be rebellion, it is not only false but impossible that the same man should suffer for his rebellion and not for his religion.

#### EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

THIS book is another proof of the vast and wholesome change that is gradually taking place in the learned literature of Germany. Although treating of a most abstruse subject, it is yet not only fit for human reading, but is absolutely one of the most interesting works which we have seen for some time. It consists of a series of essays or lectures delivered before a select circle in Berlin, during the last nine years, by Dr. Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist. On changing his professorial chair at the Prussian University for his new official post at Cairo, he has published these essays as a farewell gift to his friends in Europe. They are divided into two parts, the first of which contains sketches and reminiscences of his journeys on the Nile, through the desert, and in the streets of Cairo. Teeming as these picturesque descriptions are with valuable and interesting remarks, we refrain from dwelling upon them. We prefer to reserve our space for the second part, in which the latest results of hieroglyphic science are put before us in so lucid and fascinating a manner that we are apt to forget at times how enormous were the labours which produced them.

The first essay of the second part is entitled "An Ancient Egyptian Fairy Tale; the Oldest Fairy Tale in the World." It is the first German, and altogether the first complete, version of the celebrated papyrus acquired by Mrs. D'Orbigny in 1852, which is now in the British Museum. Although, Dr. Brugsch says, the text has for years been before the learned world, nothing but extracts from it—of which we gave an account some time ago—have been translated as yet. And he adds quaintly, that this first version is not a philological trick nor altogether an offspring only of his own fancy. "My humble merit is confined simply and solely to the application to a given text of the rules of hieroglyphical grammar, which in these days have become the common property of science"—a statement of which the followers of Sir George Cornwall Lewis will do well to make a note. This papyrus dates from the fourteenth century B.C., when Pharaoh Ramessé Miamun, the founder of Pithom and Ramessé, ruled at Thebes, and literature

\* Aus dem Orient. Von Heinrich Brugsch. Zwei Theile. Berlin: Grosse.

celebrated its highest triumphs at his brilliant court. Nine pre-eminent *savans* were attached to the person of this king, the contemporary of Moses. At their head stood, as "Master of the Rolls," a certain Kagabu, unrivalled in elegance of style and diction. It was he, probably, who officiated as Keeper at that vast Library at Thebes of which classical writers speak as having borne the inscription "*φύλκς λαρπίων*"—somewhat similar to Frederic II.'s inscription over the Royal Library at Berlin, "*Nutrimment Spiritus*." This hieroglyphic document is the only one hitherto known which belongs to the world of fiction. Hymns, exhortations, historical records, accounts of journeys, general essays, eulogies on kings, and *bills*, form the general staple of that very brittle literature. Written expressly "in usum Delphini"—namely, for the Crown Prince, Seti Menephtha, son of Rameses II.—our papyrus bears the following critical note, or mark of official censorship:—"Found worthy to be wedded to the names of the Pharonic Scribe Kagabu and the Scribe Hora and the Scribe Meremapu. Its author is the Scribe Annana, the proprietor of this scroll. May the God Toth guard all the words contained in this scroll from destruction!" In language and manner it resembles most of the productions of its classical period. It is lucid and clear, and though full of poetical fancy, yet simple and unaffected, reminding the reader occasionally of the grand simplicity in word and thought found in Scripture. It further resembles the latter in its occasional monotony and repetitions; both, however, drawbacks common to nearly all the early documents of different literatures. The tale itself is rather a curious one to be selected for the special reading of a young prince. Its "motive" is the same as in the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The chief persons are two brothers and the wife of the elder one, who brings a false accusation against her young brother-in-law. The latter saves himself from his brother's wrath, and goes, aided by the Sun-God, through a peculiar transformation. The wife meets her well-deserved fate, and the two brothers are in the end restored to each other's esteem and love, and the elder becomes regent of Egypt. Apart from the general literary interest attaching to this relic of more than three thousand years ago—which gains a peculiar significance from the fact that it was first written and read at the very Court of Rameses II. at which Moses was educated—it incidentally reveals so much of the manners and customs, the notions and views, of that peculiar era of ancient Egypt, that we cannot be too grateful for its almost miraculous preservation.

Of more vital interest, however, are those hieroglyphic discoveries which enable us to trace the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, in its monuments. Almost all recent investigators of this subject agree that the time between the immigration and the Exodus formed part of one of the most glorious epochs of Pharaonic rule—namely, that of the eighteenth dynasty. For twenty centuries Egyptian sovereigns had held all the country in undisturbed possession, when suddenly, pushed by the Assyrians, Shemitic hordes broke into the Eastern Delta and seized upon it, gradually extending their dominion so as to make even the kings of Upper Egypt tributary. For more than five hundred years the Egyptians bore the yoke of these foreign conquerors—called in the inscriptions either "*Amu*," i. e. "shepherds of oxen," or "*Aadu*," "detested, wicked ones"—whose kings held court at Tanis (Hauar, Avaris) in much prouder style than the Theban monarchs themselves. Who were the gallant and skilful generals who, by a few bold strokes, reconquered the independence of Egypt, and expelled or utterly subdued the foreign population, is not known. But this reverse to the fortunes of the native Pharaohs happened, we know for certain, during that eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the three centuries that followed form the most flourishing period of Egyptian history. Egyptian armies penetrated into Palestine, marched along the Royal road by Gaza and Megiddo to the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, made Babylon and Nineveh tributary, and erected their last victorious columns on the borders of Armenia, where, as the hieroglyphic texts have it, Heaven rests on its four pillars. No doubt these conquests in Asia, and the thousands and thousands of Shemitic prisoners whom the conquerors carried home as slaves, were looked upon in the light of reprisals for the long period of Shemitic oppression. Endless are the processions of figures on the gigantic and apparently indestructible temple walls erected by these wretched Asiatic prisoners, representing them in the act of carrying water to knead the mortar, forming bricks in wooden frames, spreading them out to dry in the sun, carrying them to the buildings in the course of erection, and the like; all this being done under the eye of Egyptian officials lounging about armed with weighty sticks, while different inscriptions inform us of the nature of the special work done by these "prisoners whom the King has taken, that they might build temples to his gods."

About the middle of the fifteenth century before our era, there arose a new dynasty, the nineteenth, at the head of which stands Rameses I. It is under the long rule of his grandson, Rameses II., who mounted the throne at about 1400, that we meet with the first monumental hints regarding the events recorded in Scripture. This Per-aa or Pher-ao—literally "High House"—who reigned sixty-six years, erected, so the hieroglyphical sources tell us, a chain of forts or fortified cities from Pelusium to Heliopolis, of which the two principal ones bore the names of "Rameses" and "Pachtum," our biblical "Pithom"; both situated in the present Wadi Tumilat, near the sweet-water canal that joined the Nile with the Red Sea. Papyri of the time

of this "Pharaoh of the Exodus" give a glowing description of those new strongholds. In the Papyrus Anastasi (in the British Museum), the scribe Pinebsa reports to his superior, Amenanaput, how very "sweet" and "incomparable" life is in Rameses, how "its plains swarm with people, its fields with birds, and its ponds and canals with fishes; how the meadows glitter with balmy flowers, the fruits taste like unto honey, and the corn-houses and barns overflow with grain." This official further describes the splendid reception given to the king at his first entry (in the tenth year of his reign) into the new city, and how the people pressed forward to salute "him, great in victory." We even find the very name of the Hebrews recorded in the official reports of the day. A papyrus in the Museum of Leyden contains the following, addressed by the scribe Kautsir to his superior, the scribe Bakenptah:—

May my Lord find satisfaction in my having complied with the instruction my Lord gave me, saying, Distribute the rations among the soldiers, and likewise among the Hebrews (Apuru) who carry the stones to the great city of King Rameses-Miamun, the lover of truth; [and who are] under the orders of the Captain of the police-soldiers, Ameneman. I distribute the food among them monthly, according to the excellent instructions which my Lord has given me.

Similar distinct indications of the people and their state of serfdom are found in another Leyden papyrus, and even in the long rock-inscription of Hamamat. Joseph had never been at the court of an Egyptian Pharaoh, but at that of one of those Shemitic kings of Avaris-Tanis; and when, after the expulsion of this foreign dynasty and the quick extinction of the one which overthrew it, Rameses had come to the throne, it was natural enough that "he knew not Joseph."

The Exodus took place under Menephthes, the successor of that second Rameses in the sixth year of whose reign Moses probably was born. In the twenty-first year of his rule, Rameses had concluded a treaty with the Hittites, the text of which is found cut into a stone-wall at Thebes, and in which occurs the following important passage:—"If the subjects of King Rameses should come to the King of the Hittites, the King of the Hittites is not to receive them, but to force them to return to Rameses the King of Egypt." This sufficiently explains the fear expressed by the biblical Pharaoh, lest the people might "go up from the land." The Shemitic population, subdued and enslaved as they were, had one glowing desire only—to escape from Egypt, and join their brethren at home in their wars against the Pharaohs.

The name of Moses is now universally recognised to be of Egyptian origin. It is the Mas or Massu of rather frequent occurrence on the monuments, and means "child." A certain connection of Egyptian ideas with the Mosaic legislation, its sacrifices, purifications, &c., is also longer questioned. But there is one most important monumental testimony, which is not sufficiently recognised yet, and which fully proves that to those far-famed Egyptian adepts of priestly wisdom the sublime doctrine of the Unity of the Deity was well known, and that the manifold forms of the Egyptian Pantheon were nothing but religious masks, so to speak—grotesque allegorical embodiments of that originally pure dogma communicated to the initiated in the Mysteries. And the initiated took their sublime Confession of Faith, inscribed upon a scroll, with them even into the grave. The name of the One God, however, is not mentioned on it, but is expressed only in the circumlocution, *Nuk pu Nuk*—"I am he who I am." Who does not instantly remember the awful "I am that I am" sounding from amid the flames of the bush?

We shall not further pursue these and similar points of high importance touched upon in the essay inscribed "Moses and the Monuments," but turn to a chapter quaintly entitled "What the Stones are Saying." It is the vast and varied number of stone inscriptions found in Egyptian tombs of which Dr. Brugsch here treats. He finds the reason for the people dwelling during their lifetime in tents of mud, but erecting everlasting monuments for their corpses, in their firm conviction of the existence of another, an everlasting, world, to which this present one is merely the entrance-hall. While a general inscription on the walls of these tombs uniformly exhorts the living to praise the Deity gladly, to leave all earthly things behind when the parting moment arrives, and to pray for the dead, there are others upholding most characteristically the advantages and the high rank possessed by the *literatus* in comparison with all other ranks and professions. Thus many are found like the following:—

What does all this talk about an officer being better off than a scholar amount to? Just look at an officer's life, and see how manifold are his miseries. While still young he is shut up in a military school. He is there punished until they make his head to bleed; he is stretched out and beaten. After that, he is sent to the wars into Syria. He must wander on rocky heights, he has to carry his bread and drink suspended from his arm, like unto a beast of burden. The water he gets is foul. Then he is marched off to mount guard over the tent. After that, the enemy arrives and catches him, as in a mousetrap. Should he, however, be lucky enough to return to Egypt, he will only be like a worm-eaten block of wood. Should he be sick, he is put on a litter and carried on a donkey's back. His things, meanwhile, are stolen by thieves, and his attendants run away.

Truly a picture of an Egyptian soldier's life worthy of Joseph Bertha, *le Conscrié*. But other trades and professions fare no better when contrasted with the *savant's* noble state. There are similar caricatures from the farmer's or peasant's life, down to that of the barber, "who has to run from inn to inn to get customers." Out of this high opinion of, and eager desire for, literary education and refinement, there grew almost naturally an eminently high ethical and moral code of feeling. Take the following inscription over a tomb at El-Kalb, over four thousand years old:—



"He loved his father, he honoured his mother, he loved his brother, and never left his house with an angry heart. A man of high position was never preferred by him to a humbler man." There are many traces even of that chivalrous deference to women which is always found in highly-cultivated nations. The names of the husbands are more often omitted in the genealogical tablets than those of the "Ladies of the House," whose principal ornament, the stones record, was their "love to their wedded lords." They are called in the inscriptions—not generally given to poetic phraseology—"the beautiful palms, whose fruit was tender love," and the most glorious present accorded to the favourites of the Gods is "the esteem of men and the love of women."

The last chapter in the book is a valuable contribution to comparative Indo-Germanic mythology, treating of certain Sagas found both in Firdusi and the Nibelungen, and of a number of mysterious customs and notions common to both Persians and Germans. Although this is no less replete with interesting facts and speculations than the foregoing essays, we cannot further enlarge upon it here. All we can do is once more to thank the eminent author, now dwelling in that land which already has revealed to him so many of its secrets, and to express the hope that, notwithstanding his many official and editorial occupations, he will find leisure again to speak to us thus pleasantly of Phœnic scrolls and stones.

#### AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT.\*

AFTER the close of so gigantic a struggle as that which has devastated the Southern States of the American Union, it was to be expected that a thick crop of personal reminiscences and adventures should blossom out into goodly volumes on either side, and particularly on the winning side. The enterprising gentleman who, at the outbreak of the war, chose to run his luck as Correspondent of the *New York Tribune* in the Confederate States, has the fullest right to such compensation for perils and hardships undergone as can be got out of publishing those hardships and perils in a stout royal octavo, with numerous illustrations. For some months Mr. Albert D. Richardson ran a frequent and very appreciable risk of being hanged as a Northern spy by any constituted authorities of the Southern Confederacy that might penetrate his apparently flimsy incognito. After sojourning in turn in New Orleans, Montgomery, Richmond, Charleston, and other towns which the last five years have made famous—and then, as the war proceeded, attached himself to one or other camp of the Northern armies, with which he appears to have seen some of the hardest fought battles of the earlier campaigns—he attempted, in May 1863, to run the Vicksburg batteries and join Grant's head-quarters, as the fittest place for the moment at which to "do his duty to the paper he represented." Similar attempts had succeeded so frequently that the expedition which carried Mr. Richardson and his fortunes was fitted out with such clumsy carelessness as to provoke calamity. A small steam-tug, lashed between two unwieldy hay-barges which it had scarcely power to steer through the current, and unable to make even with the current more than seven miles an hour, was a crazy bottom upon which to run the gauntlet through seven miles of close and converging fire, on a light summer night. After escaping merited destruction through some five miles of heavy bombardment, the expedition met its destiny in the shape of a shell which killed the captain, exploded the boiler, burst in the furnace, sank the steam-tug, and set the hay-barges on fire. The *Tribune* Correspondent, who so far had enjoyed the spectacle from a snug nest of only comparative insecurity among the hay, took to floating on a hay-bale, till the enemy's boats came out from the bank and rescued him and his companions into captivity. In Vicksburg they were formally paroled, under the usual condition of not serving until regularly exchanged; but, as Grant's siege operations had suspended all peaceful communication between the beleaguered fortress and his lines, it was thought necessary to send the prisoners to Richmond, as the easiest point of exchange. By rail and steamer they were forwarded through the Southern Confederacy to the capital of Virginia, to be detained in the Libby prison till their exchanges should arrive. Unfortunately for Mr. Richardson and a colleague who had shared his adventure, Mr. Junius Browne, the *Tribune* was recognised in Richmond as the most bitter against the South among all the New York journals; and while correspondents of other Northern newspapers were forwarded through the lines without delay, those on the staff of the obnoxious *Tribune* were kept in indefinite confinement. After an unsuccessful attempt to escape by bribing the prison sentries (which, perhaps not unnaturally, resulted in the open repudiation by the Southern Government of the paroles originally granted them), Messrs. Richardson and Browne were transferred for safer custody to Salisbury, North Carolina, early in 1864. There they stayed till December, and there they would have been kept until the game of war was played out had not one of the superior officers then attached to the prison of that place given them every facility for escape. They broke bounds, and made for Knoxville, Tennessee, a distance of nearly three hundred miles by the road, through an enemy's country. Sleeping and hiding in out-of-the-way barns, fed and passed on by secret Unionists and sympathizing negroes, fording icy creeks and climbing the southern ranges of the Alleghanies, piloted at night by romantic and graceful young ladies between the unwary pickets of the Southern forces on the border, they succeeded in

reaching Knoxville after a month of hard work and hazardous adventure. The volume ends with appropriate expressions of gratitude in the shape of a portrait of the "Nameless Heroine" (Miss Melvina Stevens), "who aided the escaping prisoners"; a sketch of the same young lady galloping at the head of the escaping prisoners through the moonlit pinewoods, and a song set to music in her honour, of which the following verse is a fair specimen:—

Out of the jaws of death,  
Out of the mouth of hell,  
Weary and hungry, and fainting and sore,  
Fiends on the track of them,  
Fiends at the back of them,  
Fiends all around, but an angel before.

Chorus.—Fiends all around, but an angel before.

Blessings be thine, loyal maid, evermore. (bis.)

Stanzas and music of as high pretensions have probably been plentifully dedicated by Southern refugees to the "loyal maids" who did, or tried to do, as much for them. The same act is either the loyalty of a fair angel or the unaccountably bitter perversity of a she-dragon, according as the object on which it is exercised is a friend or a fiend.

Such is the outline of the Secret Service of a correspondent of the *Tribune*. It may be the case that the habit of writing spicy articles for a partisan newspaper is not the best security for rigid truth of colouring or strict adherence to fact. Mr. Richardson is, as he was bound to be, intensely "loyal" throughout, and is obviously by temperament a good hater. The consciousness of the vague but considerable risk he was running, during the earlier part of the struggle, when sailing under false colours (or, at best, under no colours) in the midst of the enemy, learning and transmitting to the North whatever secrets could be picked up by assumed sympathy for the South, would hardly tend to preserve a tone of impartiality towards those who might not impossibly hang him at a moment's notice. Nor would the actual inconveniences of a wearisome captivity as prisoner of war, aggravated in Mr. Richardson's case by the fact of his captors knowing who and what he and "Junius" were, be likely to diminish whatever bias against the South he may have been possessed by at the moment when he tried to run the batteries of Vicksburg. No peaceful tourist undergoes the short hardships of an unnecessary quarantine in a comfortless lazaretto, without feeling irritation and humiliation at the extraordinarily insolent brutality of everybody connected with the place; and there is a wide step from a short quarantine to a long captivity, however fairly earned, in a war prison. An army correspondent, in the European sense of the word, who sticks close to the forces of the side to which he is attached, and whose main daily danger is that of being snubbed by the general in command for indiscreet inquisitiveness or garrulity, might be, and perhaps had better be, the most impartial of critics, as between the two parties to the contest. But a correspondent who invests himself with a roving commission to pick up news at the risk of his neck within the lines of one side for transmission to the other, will almost necessarily be fully charged with a strong partisan sentiment from the date of his very first letter. We do not feel bound to take Mr. Richardson's description of the meanness and fiendish malignity of almost all Southern authorities or officials with whom he came into contact as literal truth, though we have no doubt that he means it for such. On the remarkable fact that, for a considerable time before the war came to an end, an active Unionist feeling was to be found here and there among the white population of the seceded States—concealed, of course, from the dominant party, but visible to the Northern prisoner or fugitive in acts of kindness and devotion, and even in the very look of the eyes—Mr. Richardson's testimony bears stronger marks of intrinsic veracity. Unless the whole tale of the details of his escape be a fiction, there existed a secret association within the Southern Confederacy, numbering among its brethren Southern-born officers of the Southern army, styled "The Sons of America," and expressly formed to assist at all hazards Unionist prisoners or refugees who wished to escape to the North. Not only were families of disguised Unionists living throughout the war in Richmond and other Southern cities, but towards the more thinly-peopled borders of the Confederacy a considerable proportion of the available military population was "lying out" in the woods to escape conscription into Lee's armies, in perpetual guerilla conflict with the troops whose duty it was to enforce that conscription. Of the conservative mountaineers inhabiting the ranges which spread into North Carolina—the path by which Mr. Richardson escaped—an enlightened New York patriot can speak as follows:—

There was a very blind and unreasoning loyalty, much like the disloyalty of some enthusiastic Rebels. They did not say "Unionist" or "Secessionist," but always designated a political friend thus:—"He is one of the right sort of people"—strong in the faith that there could be no possibility of more than one side to the question. They had little education; but when they began to talk about the Union their eyes lighted wonderfully, and sometimes they grew really eloquent. They did not believe one word in a Rebel newspaper, except extracts from the Northern journals and reports favourable to our cause. They thought the Union army had never been defeated in a single battle. I heard them say repeatedly:—"The United States can take Richmond any day when it wants to. That it has not, thus far, is owing to no lack of power, but because it was not thought best." They regarded every Rebel as necessarily an unmitigated scoundrel, and every Loyalist, particularly every native-born Yankee, almost as an angel from heaven.

Mr. Richardson's playful wit probably exaggerates the degree of veneration felt for himself, as a Yankee army correspondent, by his country friends of the Blue Ridge. But it is clear that without

\* *The Secret Service, the Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape.* By Albert D. Richardson, "*Tribune*" Correspondent. *Tribner & Co.* 1865

an almost daily continuity of aid in the form of shelter, safe-keeping, food, and guidance, from the inhabitants of the line of his three hundred miles of march, Mr. Richardson's escape would have been simply impossible. And it is not less certain that every man who gave the Yankee fugitives a meal, sheltered them in his barn, pointed out a refuge in the woods, or directed them on their journey, made himself liable, on discovery, to imprisonment or conscription, if not to being shot or hanged at his own door, for contravening the laws of the State to which he belonged. If the house which has fallen was divided against itself, the obstinacy of the resistance opposed to the great waves of Northern invasion is all the more honourable to the bravery of those who fought the battles of the Southern Confederacy. But, since the house of Secession has fallen, it is, in the interest of a firm and hearty re-establishment of the Union, most devoutly to be wished that Mr. Richardson's picture of the extent of "loyal" instincts and Union sympathies secretly prevailing among the inhabitants of North Carolina may be in no whit overcoloured. It is in the same interest, perhaps, almost equally to be desired (as well as in that of literary good taste) that in any future edition of his work meant for travelling South, Mr. Richardson should obliterate from his text, along with other offensive expressions towards the majority of the population of the late Confederacy, the word Rebel with a big R. Cause with a big C is quite a sufficient vent for patriotic fervour, now that the cause has proved a victorious one.

The *Tribune* correspondent naturally gives a portrait of most of the Northern generals who have been in turn the heroes of the hour. In the early days of the war—

Every eye was looking for the Coming Man, every ear listening for his approaching footsteps, which were to make the earth tremble. Men judged, by old standards, that the Hour must have its Hero. They had not learned that, in a country like ours, whatever is accomplished must be the work of the loyal millions, not of any one, or two, or twenty generals and statesmen.

General McClellan, as he passes in review before the critical tribunal, is

Stoutly built, short, with light hair, blue eyes, full, fresh, almost boyish face, and lip tufted with a brown moustache. . . . Seeing his features for the first time, I scanned them anxiously for lineaments of greatness. I saw a pleasant, mild, moony face, with one cheek distended by tobacco, but nothing which appeared strong or striking. Tintured largely with the general belief in his military genius, I imputed the failure only to my own incapacity for reading Nature's infinite book of secrecy.

Halleck is "a stout, heavy-faced, rather stupid-looking officer, who wore civilian's dress, and resembled a well-to-do tradesman." Meade, "a dark-haired, scholarly-looking gentleman in spectacles." Fighting Joe Hooker, "with his side-whiskers, rather heavy countenance, and transparent cheeks, which revealed the blood like those of a blushing girl, hardly looked all my fancy had painted him" while only under a moderate cannonade. When, however, leading an attack in line upon a strong position, in the teeth of the enemy's batteries—

Hooker—commonplace before—loomed up into gigantic stature. His eye gleamed with the grand anger of battle. He seemed to know exactly what to do, to feel that he was master of the situation, and to impress every one else with the fact.

Burnside (before Fredericksburg) was "the favourite of the troops, in blue shirt, knit jacket, and riding-boots, with frank, manly face, and full, laughing eyes." Rosencranz is

An erect, solid man of one hundred and seventy-five pounds weight, whose forty-three years sit lightly on his face and frame. He has a clear, mild-blue eye, which lights and flashes under excitement; an intensified Roman nose, high cheek-bones, florid complexion, mouth and chin hidden under dark-brown beard, hair faintly tinged with silver, and growing thin on the edges of the high, full, but not broad, forehead. In conversation, a winning mischievous smile illumines his face. As Hamlet would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds, so you would trust that countenance in a stranger as indicating fidelity, reserved power, an overflowing humour, and imperious will.

Sherman—a smoker from morning to night—is

Tall, of bony frame, spare in flesh, with thin, wrinkled face, sandy beard and hair, and bright, restless eyes. His face indicates great vitality and activity; his manner is restless; his discourse rapid and earnest. He looks rather like an anxious man of business than an ideal soldier.

Grant—"by the evening camp-fire"—

Rarely uttered a word upon the political bearings of the war; indeed, he said little upon any subject. With his eternal cigar, and his head thrown slightly to one side, for hours he would sit silently before the fire, or walk back and forth, with eyes upon the ground, or look at our whist-table, now and then making a suggestion about the play.

Most of his pictures greatly idealize his full, rather heavy, face. The journalists called him stupid. One of my *confères* used to say, "How profoundly surprised Mrs. Grant must have been when she woke up and learned that her husband was a great man!" He impressed me as possessing great purity, integrity, and amiability, with excellent judgment and boundless pluck. But I should never have suspected him of military genius. Indeed, nearly every man of whom, at the beginning of the war, I prophesied a great career, proved inefficient, and *vice versa*.

A naïve and honest admission that the *Tribune* correspondent was no more competent to recognise the Coming Man than any of his neighbours. But for the necessity of talking a little stereotyped "Buncombe" about the loyal millions, we should have supposed that the lesson to be learnt from the war more truly was that the Hour did want its Hero, and could do little or nothing till it found him. Loyal millions, in a soldierly point of view, do require one, or two, or twenty generals and statesmen, to lead them, or they will not accomplish much. Where the loyal millions do not fight under the cold shade of aristocracy, or where

every private carries a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, it may (barring accident) be a mathematical certainty that the best man will, by degrees, make his way to the front. But when he has come to the front, he ceases to be, either in position or function, a mere unit among the loyal millions. Even in America this is true.

#### WORSLEY'S ILIAD.\*

FEW candidates for poetic honours ever had a fairer start in the field of translation than Mr. Worsley. The first half of his *Odyssey* came out when the public ear was still throbbing with the pain inflicted by many of Dean Alford's hendecasyllables, and when distaste for the new hexametro-mania had predisposed English instincts to enjoy a wholesome native metre, by way of antidote. And so, on entering the field with the rare advantages of a musical ear, great richness of vocabulary, and graceful ease and power of composition, he met an amount of favour which, though we should be the last to think it undeserved, appears to have been almost too unalloyed to be wholesome. His capabilities as a poet took hold on public opinion. Most readers held him in esteem, because his rhythm was so melodious that it was a pleasure to glide smoothly through a book or half a book of his flowing stanzas; whilst the critical minority could not but admit that his version, if sometimes free, was rarely, if ever, unscholarly. Had stronger protest been made at the outset against the chief defect of his beautiful translation—namely, its proneness to add to Homer's words an undue share of his own—the result might have been more self-repression, and a less decided ambition to rival Pope in the very point which makes it impossible to accept Pope's *Iliad* as Homer's *Iliad*. To the remarks which we made in reviewing the second volume of the Spenserian *Odyssey* it is needless now to revert, because it so happens that the twelve books of the *Iliad* just put forth by Mr. Worsley, whilst containing the same beauties and graces as his former work, exhibit also a confirmed adherence to his former views in regard to translation—views, to our thinking, based on misconception.

Before approaching the body of the present work, it may be well to glean from the author's preface a notion of his views and of the grounds on which he supports them. Mr. Worsley's reasons for preferring the Spenserian stanza are, so far as regards his estimate of his own powers, modest enough. The only metres he thinks capable of competing with it are "hexameters," which he puts out of the question until their cultivation is far more successful than it is at present, and blank verse, which he deems the "grandest and most epic" metre, abstractedly, but unattainable save by the greatest and most finished masters of melody. He seems sceptical as to the existence of more than one or two such masters now; and, for himself, he shrinks from failure in the attempt, or from the time and pains required to secure success. He has recourse, therefore, to the Spenserian stanza, which—better than blank verse, in prentice hands at all events—"combines rolling amplitude of periods with melody of individual lines." He believes, too, that "the perusal of a book of his translation will leave echoing in the ear a voice according, in its main swell, to the voice of Homer." This swell is identified with "a sea-like rolling effect, which results from the harmonious accumulation of stanzas." There is a good deal of imagination, it strikes us, in this supposed likeness. To compass, however, this roll and swell, Mr. Worsley seems conscious that he must sacrifice some commonplace requirements of a translator, for he proceeds to do battle for latitude and license, in the somewhat vague declaration that he "is ready to sacrifice everything else" to the observance of the doctrine that "true poetry in a foreign language must be represented by true poetry in our own"; and he adds that, "when the translator of a great poem makes it his leading object to delineate minute details to the letter, he is in fact guilty of exaggeration to the verge of agony." Some one might ask, "Quorsum hæc?" Our answer is, that these dicta ominously presage a considerable freedom in the substitution of Mr. Worsley's expressions and forms of speech for those of Homer, and that they are intended to justify any and every possible liberty with such Greek words, phrases, and sentences as may be arbitrarily judged foreign to the genius of our own poetry. And although it is true that he would fain repudiate paraphrase, and claims to belong to the "literal school," yet so much is said of "lame English" and "stiff literal translation" that any one at all used to dissecting that part of a book which readers commonly skip cannot fail to divine that in the body of the translation there will be found frequent insertions, substitutions, amplifications, omissions, and other licenses. Such will be seen to be the case. Without espousing what Mr. Worsley calls the "antiquarian" view, which regards all translation as worthless unless it reproduces even the most trivial feature, the true lover of Homer may perhaps be allowed to claim that, when that divine poet is set before well-disposed but unskilled readers in a translation, the ideas and thoughts reproduced should be as nearly as possible Homer's thoughts and ideas, plain and unvarnished, or at least the closest approach to them consistent with a masculine and not squeamish judgment. To dish up aught else in the place of them is to repeat that treason of Pope against the majesty of Homer, the day for which we fancied had gone by.

\* *The Iliad of Homer.* Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By Philip S. Worsley, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1865.



How much that savours of this is to be found in Mr. Worsley's present volume it will not be hard to show by illustrations, and, this done, we shall have more pleasure in pointing out one or two passages of purer and truer stamp and metal—passages which dispose us to think that he might have come nearer the ideal of such as are jealous of Homer's own words if he had not been led away by over-subtle sophistries. Such passages make us suspect that it takes more labour to perfect a translation of Homer's Iliad in Spenserian stanza than Mr. Worsley allows; and that, had he taken thrice the time he has assigned to the elaboration of these twelve books, there would have been no call for the latter part of his preface, and that rhymes would have been found, accommodated to the sense of the original, without constant resort for the eking out of a stanza to the *φροντιστήριον* of a modern imagination. For it is flat "insertion" to which must be ascribed such eccentricities of translation as the following, which occur in the ninth book—that, our readers will remember, which details the embassy to Achilles. In vv. 114-130, Agamemnon enumerates the gifts he will make to the incensed hero if he will cease his wrath, and again go forth with the hosts of Achaia. Among them he mentions:—

ἑπτὰ ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,  
αἰθωνας δὲ λίβητας ἱεκοῖσι—122-3,

which Mr. Worsley translates—

Seven fireless tripods, and of virgin gold  
Ten talents in full weight, no slender fee.

The "twenty cauldrons bright" are omitted (possibly because they are minute details, or "low and trivial" particulars), but the words italicized are obviously introduced for the purpose of providing "fee" as a rhyme for "be" in verse 2, and of eking out the material of the stanza. So, in the twenty-eighth stanza of the same book, the Greek half line *πᾶρα γὰρ μενοικία πολλά δαίνυσθ'*, which Lord Derby renders "Abundant is the feast," swells out in Mr. Worsley's English into—

Corn in abundance, and fat joints to cut,  
Nought that becoms high banquet from our hand is shut.

Minute particulars, then, may be inserted out of hand for the exigencies of rhyme, though they must be suppressed, or tricked out in smarter garb, if they occur in the original. But this liberty is a trifle compared with "substitution," instances of which teem everywhere in the translation under review. One such is the following. Ulysses represents Hector to Achilles as longing for morn, to renew the fight in which he is carrying all before him. Homer's words are—

κρατερὴ δὲ ἐὶ λίσσα διδύκειν.  
ἀρῆται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι ἥδ' ἔτιαν.—ix. 239-40;

which is made in the version before us to figure as—

And oft aloud, such fury in him burns,  
Chides the divine Down that her feet are lame.

The image of the appearance or approach of dawn suffices Homer's simplicity, but is rather "low" and prosaic to modern fancy, and so forsooth Eos is personified with a vengeance, not with rosy fingers, but *limping feet*. A hundred like instances of this sort of substitution might be adduced, and perhaps a more fair and full sample should be given in a longer passage. Such a one presents itself in the reply of Achilles to the ambassadors—ix. 308-13—the Greek of which we are obliged to transcribe:—

Διογενὶς Λαερτιάδῃ, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῖ,  
χρὴ μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπρηλεγίως ἀποιπεῖν,  
ὃ περ δὴ φρονίω τι, καὶ ὡς τετελεσμένον ἴσθαι,  
ὡς μὴ μοι τρύχῃτε παρήμενος ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος.  
ἔχθρος γὰρ μοι κείνος ὁρῶς Ἀἰδάο πύλῃσιν  
ὅς χ' ἔτιρον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἶπρ.

Versed in all craft, Laertes' son divine,  
No! three times no—the word is right to learn  
Just as I mean it, to the very line  
Of fixed resolve that will not brook decline.  
Clear let it ring, that no man deem it well  
To murmur on, for any lies of mine:  
Him count I hateful as the doors of hell  
Who in his heart thinks other than his tongue doth tell.

P. 228, st. 39.

In reference to this bold English, candour compels us to admit that we can but imperfectly follow its connection with the Homeric text. "No! three times no!" appears to be meant for a more modern and effective way of saying what Homer expressed in the second verse of the Greek; but for the rest, except the concluding couplet, which is plain enough, beshrew us if we can make head or tail of it. The drift is plainer, but the license no less questionable, where, in dealing with v. 409, *ἐπὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἱρκος ὀδόντων*, our translator renders it:—

When naped to the night that hems it round  
Once from the teeth it slips, and is beyond the bound.

And where again, in a somewhat groundless attempt to make Agamemnon out a prophet in iv. 161, he renders—

σὺν τι μὲν ἄνθρωποι ἀνίστανται,  
σὺν σφῆσιν κεφαλῆς, γυναιεὶ τι καὶ ταῖς τέσσιν.

I have seen, have seen, I say  
These traitors with their heads, and wives and children pay.

Other liberties with the Greek come more properly under the head of *amplification*, as where, in Book iii. 45, the simple verse—

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι βίη φρεσίν, οὐδὲ τις δακρύ.

grows in process of translation into

But thy spirit is weak as chaff,  
Piercing the hand that trusts thee like a treacherous staff.

And, again, in the 333-4 lines of the same book, Homer tells us that Paris borrowed his brother Lycaon's cuirass, and, to use his Greek words, *ἤρυσσε δ' αὐτῷ*, which Mr. Worsley is not content to translate "and made it fast," but must needs add out of his own head

Not less to him than to its owner true,

for which there is not the slightest foundation in the text. This sort of license, whether *metri gratia* or for any other cause, really looks like a covert way of doing a good turn to the hexametrist, who have at least no like sin to be laid at their door, and for whose metre it may at any rate be said that it allows the English and Greek lines to be commensurate. To take one more instance, in vi. 339 occur the words *νίκη δ' ἐπαμείβετο ἄνδρα* in a speech of Paris, or, as Lord Derby renders it, "Victory changes oft her side." Mr. Worsley amplifies the words into

There is a tide in war: black days and white!

where the image of a tide is an unwarrantable importation, and the other image, it strikes us, is redolent of a later age and soil than Homer's.

We should be less careful to note these things were it not that others who have tried their skill in Homeric might justly be jealous of seeing offences condoned to new and pleasant-spoken aspirants for which they themselves have met with rougher handling. Not long since we had to blame a very fair translation for the inordinate paraphrasing of epithets, and the consequent excess of verses beyond those of Homer. In Worsley's Iliad we find just the opposite fault. Epithets, Homer's most characteristic feature, are strangely ignored. The son of Cronos is no longer "deep-designing" (*ἀγκυλομήτης*) nor Troy "broad-streeted" (*εὐρύγυς*), nor the Greeks "long-haired" (*καρχηρυμένους*), but they all go bare and epithet-less in a most shabby and un-epic fashion. Even that oft repeated verse (iii. 76), *Ἄργος ἱς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαιίδα καλλιγύναικα*, where, if anywhere, the epithets claim more notice than their substantives, is thrust forth into the world in this naked fashion—"We sailing back to Argos and the Achaian strand." Verily we have all been wronging Pope and Dryden these many years, who did more justice to their epithets, as the former shows in his neat turned couplet:—

Thus may the Greeks review their native shore  
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more.

On the score of scholarship, little, if any, fault can be found with Mr. Worsley. Now and then his hobby is ridden so hard as to make his interpretation doubtful—e.g. in the rendering of iii. 442,

οὐ γὰρ πῶ ποτὶ μ' ὤδ' ἔ' ἔρωσ φρίνας ἀμφεκάλυψεν.  
For never ravishment so deep yet burst  
Over my soul with such a lightning dart;

where *ἀμφεκάλυψεν* suggests a cloud, not a lightning flash; and in ix. 364, where Achilles says of Pthia,

ἴσθι δὲ μοι μάλα πολλά, τὰ καλὰ κίπτον ἐνθάδε ἔρπον.

Here, had we not confidence in his knowledge of Greek, as well as experience of his preference of generality to closeness, we might suspect some obscurity in the translator's mind as to the meaning of *ἐρπον*, which the scholiast explains *ἐπὶ θορᾷ παραγενόμενος*.

There I go back to many things I love

is a very cavalier translation, and can ill compare with Lord Derby's

There did I leave abundant store of wealth,  
When hitherward I took my luckless way.

But we must not quote Lord Derby as a model of that accuracy and neatness to which we never heard of any royal or lordly road; or we may be met with the newly coined reproach that, if an earl had written in hexameters and not blank verse, our pens would have been busied in proving the English hexameter alone suited for the translation of Homer's Iliad. To make an end of fault-finding, we suggest to Mr. Worsley that, in vi. 489, *ἐπὶν τὰ πρῶτα γίνηται* does not mean "since earth was peopled," but rather "from his birth up."

Enough, we hope not too much, has been advanced to express our dissent from Mr. Worsley's method of translation; and we unfeignedly regret that, with his fine capabilities and gifts, he has wedded himself to a principle hardly likely to win acceptance, until it is established that the Greek poets are only valuable as a framework on which to fasten modern thoughts and turns of speech, or as a canvass whereon new objects may be painted to the exclusion or partial suppression of the old. Now and then he forgets his theory, and gives us not only graceful verse (that he always does), but faithful and neat translation, such as leads us to exclaim, "O si sic omnia"! Nothing can be more neat than his version of

ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθίμωτος, ἀνίστιός ἐστιν ἑκάινος,  
ὃς πολέμου ἱεραὶ ἐπιδημίον δερύναντος.—ix. 63-4.

None but the clanless, lawless, houseless soul  
Loves the heart-curling game of civil fight.

And if he had but found room for the epithet *κυνώιδος*, we should have considered his translation one of the best of the somewhat awkward line:—

δαῖψ' ὃ αὐτ' ἐμὸς ἔσσι κυνώιδος, εἰ ποτ' ἔην γε.—iii. 180.

This is he  
That was my husband's brother! unless I dream, ah me!

Many like happy renderings occur to us, but the translator warns us in his preface to offer him no such incense as praise of "verbal dexterities," by which he sets small store. Two or three stanzas in his better vein, sufficiently faithful without falling below his average in point of beauty or force, will probably do him more justice in quotation, as well as satisfy his ambition to convince us of the rolling sea-like flow of his stanzas. Here is a stanza out of Agamemnon's speech enumerating his proposed gifts to Achilles (ix. 149-55):—

And well-built cities will I yield him seven,  
Green Ira, Enopé and Cardamyl,  
Alpeia fair and Phere blest of heaven,  
Deep-law'd Antheia, wet with many a rill,  
Pedasus crowned with vineyards on the hill—  
All on the coast-line beyond Pylos bay.  
Men rich in flocks and herds that region fill,  
Who at his feet, as at a god's, will lay  
Gifts, and beneath his rule their fat revenues pay.

P. 221, st. 18.

We must pass by several equally good specimens which we have marked—such as Helen's going forth to the Scean gates with her handmaids, which brings to our minds a picture in the Royal Academy's Exhibition for 1865 (Book iii. stanza 17)—to make room for a famous simile from the twelfth book, where the incessant hurling of Greek and Trojan missiles is compared to frequent snow-flakes. Though the translation inverts some of Homer's clauses, it does so with admissible taste and dexterity, and with what we are glad to be able to call a very happy result (xii. 278-286):—

As the dense snow-flakes on a winter's day  
Fall, when the Father has ris'n up to snow,  
Revealing his white arrows, and doth lay  
All winds in sleep, and pouring fast below  
On mount and promontory his mantle throw,  
O'er the wild lotus-fields and chill sea-sand,  
Farm and grey haven, to the bordering flow  
Thence the surf melts it, but the whole mainland  
Fades in the storm, when Zeus hath launched it from his hand.

xii. p. 316.

Taken as a translator of the Popian school, with much higher gifts of scholarship than his prototype, Mr. Worsley deserves to rank very high; but his Spenserian lilt will never convince those who look for a faithful transcript that he has chosen so apt a vehicle as blank verse, the capabilities of which, Mr. Worsley's dicta notwithstanding, have been of late proved by Lord Derby and Mr. Wright to be far superior as regards combination of faithfulness with elegance, although perhaps there may be a lack in it of the "rolling effect" in the Spenserian stanza, about the resemblance of which to Homer's sea-flow we are hardly so certain as Mr. Worsley. We shall be curious to see what Professor Blackie makes of the yet unsolved problem, whether Homer can be fitly represented in ballad-metre.

#### THE GAEL OF ALBAN.\*

DR. NARES is fairly distanced. The title-page to the Life of Lord Burleigh yields to the title-page of the Gael of Alban. And the Life of Lord Burleigh might fairly claim its title-page. If that title-page was—till Mr. Robertson's appeared—the longest of all title-pages, it was because the book itself was the biggest of all books. Lord Macaulay weighed it and measured it, and told the world its weight avoirdupois and its bulk in cubic measure. Mr. Robertson's book is very different. We have not thought it worth while to measure it, but we have weighed it, and we find that, very unlike Dr. Nares', it will go by book-post for sixpence. Compared, then, with what they severally introduce, Dr. Nares' title-page, as far as mere bulk is concerned, cannot be named in the same day with Mr. Robertson's. And in quality Mr. Robertson has the advantage as much as in quantity. It is one of the affectations of the day to give books titles which convey no idea of their contents, and which only set people wondering—*Sesame and Lilies; Wheat and Tares; I Too, and other Poems, by Beelzebub*. Mr. Robertson, as becomes a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, rises above any follies of this sort. Like a straightforward man, he is determined that his title-page shall lead no one astray as to the nature of his work. Far from wrapping himself up in metaphors or mysteries, he fairly gives us, in the title-page, an analysis of the whole book. One ought not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but surely this is going a little too far the other way. Ought we to learn, as in Mr. Robertson's case we do learn, all about the book merely by looking at the title-page? Without asking for mysteries, surely a little reserve is desirable, just enough to raise a gentle curiosity and to lead us on to see what is coming. Mitford wrote a History of Greece, and Mr. Grote wrote a History of Greece. But neither of them tells us in his title-page what particular views about the History of Greece he is going to confute or to maintain. As far as the title-page goes, Mitford might contain an apology for Cleon, and Grote might contain a libel upon Demosthenes. But Mr. Robertson tells us all about it; to read the title-page is almost the same as read-

ing the book. Now surely this somewhat quenches our ardour. It is like reading a review of a novel before we read the novel itself. It is like a Euripidean prologue, or an old-fashioned play-bill, telling us beforehand all that is to happen in the play. Mr. Skene, nearly thirty years back, wrote a book on the same subject, with a title-page which, had we not seen Mr. Robertson's, we should have called a long one. Mr. Skene writes about the Highlanders of Scotland, and in his title-page he promises to tell us about their origin and history. But he only commits himself to some origin and to some history. He leaves it to the body of the book to tell us what his notions of their origin and history were. We know all about Mr. Robertson's notions by simply reading his title-page; and, as that title-page shows us that they are exactly the same as Mr. Skene's, any one but a reviewer, and a conscientious reviewer, might make it an excuse for not carrying his perusal of Mr. Robertson beyond the title-page.

As far as we can see, there is nothing in Mr. Robertson's book, of the least value, which we have not seen much better put in the works of Mr. Skene and Professor Innes. The view which they work out in a reasonable and scholarlike way Mr. Robertson accepts and supports in an unscholarlike and frantic way. His chief object seems to be to overwhelm a certain "Rev. Dr. Thomas M'Lauchlan," who is introduced in almost every page, and always by his full description, baptismal, academical, and clerical. Dr. M'Lauchlan, it seems, has fallen from his first love, and, having once spoken the thing that is about the Picts and Scots, has since turned about and spoken the thing that is not. If we were reviewing Dr. M'Lauchlan, it is quite possible that we might take Mr. Robertson's side; but when we see Dr. M'Lauchlan continually gibbered at full length in Mr. Robertson's book, our feelings are naturally tempted to turn towards the victim and against his executioner. For, as to the theory which Mr. Robertson has learned of Mr. Skene and Professor Innes, we have not a word to say against it. As far as we can judge, it is in every way probable, and moreover it is not our affair. If Scotchmen choose to prove by convincing arguments that there are next to no Scots in Scotland, it is not for us to try to confute them. If they will grant that Lothian is English and that Strathclyde is Welsh, we will not dispute the right of Picts and Scots to divide the land beyond the Forth as they may think good. If they will allow that the Edward of the thirteenth century did but assert the lawful rights first gained by the Edward of the tenth century, we will not say a word against the lawful claim of Kenneth M'Alpin to the crown of the Picts. The theory is, in short, the theory of Pinkerton improved. The work of Pinkerton is the work of an acute madman. Amidst masses of the wildest talk, we see gleams of real knowledge and real argumentative power. He raves and storms in a wilder way than Mr. Robertson himself; but there is a good deal at the bottom after all. It would not be too much to call Pinkerton one of the precursors of Comparative Philology. He knew indeed just enough to lead him wrong; but what he did know he seems to have found out for himself, and in his days there was some merit in going wrong in an ingenious way. He showed clearly enough that the Caledonians and the Picts were the same people, and that they were never exterminated or conquered by the Dalriadic Scots. Then one of his fits of lunacy came on, and he maintained that the Picts were a Scandinavian colony, who overcame a previously existing Cymrian population. Mr. Skene and Professor Innes take up the sound part of Pinkerton's view and cast away the unsound. Their historic proofs exactly fit in with the phenomena of comparative ethnology. The Caledonians, the Picts, the modern Highlanders, are all the same people, the remains of the earliest Aryan settlement in Britain. First the Cymry and then the Teutons have driven them into a corner. The Scots are a small colony of the same race, who came from Ireland in the sixth century, and settled in the modern Argyleshire. In the ninth century a King of Scots became also King of Picts, much in the same way, we are told, as a much later King of Scots became King of England. We may add that his successors acquired some English and some Welsh territory, and that the name of Scots gradually extended itself to all their subjects, Pictish, English, and Welsh. Here then we may add another to the many points of analogy between Scotland and Switzerland. The land of the true Scots forms as small a part of the whole Kingdom of Scotland as the Canton of Schwyz forms of the whole Swiss Confederation. But Swabians, Lombards, German Burgundians and Roman Burgundians, have all learned to glory in the name of Switzer. So the Pict of Alban, the English of Lothian, and the Welsh of Strathclyde have, by the result of some of the most singular processes in history, all learned to glory in the name of Scot.

Such is the theory. As we have drawn it out, it is perhaps coloured by a Southern way of looking at things; still, as far as Picts and Scots are concerned, it is essentially the theory which Mr. Skene maintains reasonably, and which Mr. Robertson maintains unreasonably. Mr. Robertson is often very amusing—not the least so when he speaks of "a very good authority, C. Innes, Esq., Professor of History, University of Edinburgh." This reminds one of Livy translating (or mistranslating) whole chapters of Polybius, and then patting him on the head as "haudquaquam spernendus auctor." He is also very amusing in his simple confessions or implications of ignorance. "It appears 'Dal,' in Anglo-Saxon, means 'a part,' or 'portion'—according to Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Grammar." "Dal" would be better written "dæl," but has Mr. Robertson never learned either

\* Concise Historical Proofs respecting the Gael of Alban; or, Highlanders of Scotland, as descended of the Caledonian Picts, with the Origin of the Irish Scots, or Dalriads, in North Britain, and their supposed Conquest over the Caledonian Picts, examined and refuted. Also the Language of the Caledonian Picts, short Notices regarding the Highland Clans, with explanatory Notes, Map, Illustrations, and Descriptions, of the Country of the Gael. By James A. Robertson, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: Nimmo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1865.



English or German, so as to have heard of such words as *deal* and *theil*? So "The Saxon Chronicle is considered the oldest national record that exists of the Anglo-Saxon tongue." But where do our readers think that Mr. Robertson studies the Chronicle? Not in Gibson, not in Ingram, not in Petrie, not in Thorpe—we are referred to "p. 31 of the preface to the Saxon Chronicle, Bohn's edition, London." "This," Mr. Robertson adds, "is a most valuable collection of all the most ancient writers we have, and highly useful for quotations." Mr. Robertson's gratitude to Mr. Bohn could not be confined to a single reference. We read, much further on in the book:—

The Antiquarian Library published by Bohn, London, is a most valuable collection for all who wish to make references to, or quotations from, the earliest writers we possess, and all of them taken from the very best editions that exist.

Elsewhere we read—

This year the Picts are expressly stated as having fought under King Constantine at a battle in England named Brunanburgh, near the banks of the Humber, and which was against the Saxon King Athelstane, who was victorious. A son of Constantine was killed there.

We were a little puzzled, as we remembered nothing about Picts at Brunanburgh, though a good deal about Scots, but in the note we read—"See Ingulph's *Ancient Chronicle*, and page 75, edition by H. T. Riley, published by Bohn, London." This lets us into two facts—first (what also appears from other parts of the book) that Mr. Robertson, in the year 1865, believes in Ingulf; secondly (what we did not before know), that Mr. Riley learned to disbelieve in Ingulf through translating him for Mr. Bohn.

So, again, here is Mr. Robertson's *ab extra* way of looking at another writer:—

An English chronicle writer in the middle of the twelfth century (1150) is quoted by Robertson in his valuable History of the Early Kings, namely, Henry of Huntingdon, who expressed his wonder as to what had become of the Picts and their language; the extract begins, "Picti jam videantur deliti," &c. &c., that is, "the Picts already appear to be as if blotted out," &c. &c.

For the sake of the excellent Archdeacon of Huntingdon's Latin, we may remark that though the "extract" may possibly begin with "Picti jam videantur deliti," no sentence in the *Historia Anglorum* does. "Videantur" in the original depends, by the rules of grammar, on "quamvis" (H. H. 694). Nor does Mr. Robertson seem more at home in Greek works than in English. But we commend him for the courageous honesty of the three following second-hand quotations, following closely upon one another:—

The classical writer Dio says the Caledonians are hardly clothed (he wrote A.D. 230), and dwell in tents, and without shoes—Dio, lib. 76, cap. 12, as quoted by Ritson in his *Caledonian Annals*, vol. i. p. 12.

Diodorus Siculus, lib. v., cap. 30, quoted by Grant on the Gael.

Herodian lib. iii., cap. 47, quoted by Logan, *Scottish Gael*, vol. i., p. 222.

There is a class of primeval remains in Scotland known as Pict Houses, of the same kind as the hut-circles in Wales and the West of England, and which show their most perfect form in some of the domical huts of Ireland. On these Mr. Robertson makes the following remarks, which are to us quite incomprehensible:—

The writer is aware that in general they are called "a Pict's house," as if only a single Pict lived in them, yet as habitations in England are called "an English house," so those in the land of the Picts may also be called "a Pictish house"—thus, it is common to say "an English house is more comfortable than a French one."

Lastly, it is comforting to find Mr. Robertson for once agreeing with Dr. McLauchlan, and that on a point which witnesses to the sound Protestantism of both of them:—

Although Crinan, the father of King Duncan I., was an abbot, it must not be thought that at this time there was anything irregular for an ecclesiastic to be married; it prevailed from very remote ages, and continued for a period of two centuries afterwards, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas McLauchlan, on the subject of the clergy of the ancient church being married, has well and truly said, that this fact, "so far from being an evidence of corruption, it is the very opposite." Why should the clergymen of that period be denied the blessings of marriage, and yet granted to those of the present day? Besides, the "forbidding to marry" is one of the great marks of the apostasy predicted by St. Paul.

We must add that the book contains a good deal about the Highland Clans, and a defence of the genuineness of Ossian; also that it is a very pretty book in a blue cover, with several pictures of—we were going to say Scotch, but we will rather say Pictish—mountains. Only we do not exactly see why the book was written.

#### THE NEW ATALANTIS.

MRS. DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY was one of a little knot of ladies who, during the storms, great and small, that raged in the days of the late Stuarts, distinguished themselves in literature, profligacy, and politics. The common sources of biographical intelligence supply but scant information concerning her, and we are by no means sure that the year of her birth is recorded in print. However, four plays which she wrote, and which are entirely forgotten, entitled her to a niche in the *Biographica Dramatica*, and there (granted the correctness of the information) we find quite as much about her as we care to know. She was born in Hampshire, "in one of those islands, which formerly belonged to France," of which her father, Sir Roger Manley, was governor. Sir Roger, who ruined himself by his adherence to Charles I., amused himself in his later years with literary labours of a somewhat heavy kind, penning Latin commentaries on the civil wars of England, and writing a history of the rebellion, which

came down to the decapitation of the Duke of Monmouth in 1688. Nay, as it afterwards transpired, he wrote the first volume of the *Turkish Spy*, a work that even now is not altogether buried in oblivion. On his death-bed he bequeathed two young daughters to the care of his nephew, Mr. Manley, whom he had brought up at his own expense, and the scoundrel repaid the confidence reposed in him by marrying the elder, afterwards the authoress, while his wife, unknown to her, was living. Thus damaged in her reputation, Mrs. Manley became a sort of humble companion to the Duchess of Cleveland, who quarrelled with her in six months, on the ground that she had detected her in an intrigue with her son. She now passed some time in solitude, and wrote her first play, a tragedy called the *Royal Mischief*, which was brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1696, and even in that licentious age was deemed too indecent. The success of the work, however, caused her to leave her life of seclusion, and her apartments were so thronged with the so-called men of wit and gaiety that her reputation was further damaged. Soon it was utterly destroyed by the report of an intrigue with the notorious debauchee Sir Thomas Skipwith, from whom she was scarcely freed when she became the mistress of Mr. Tilly, a lawyer and a married man, in whose chambers she resided, much to the discomfiture of his wife at home. The death of Mrs. Tilly inspired her with the hopes of becoming "an honest woman," but poor Tilly's fortunes were so low that he was obliged to repair them by marrying a lady of wealth. In consequence of this calamity, Mrs. Manley retired into the country, while Tilly went mad, in consequence, it seems, of his second wife's annoying jealousy.

During her retirement she commenced the work by which her name survives—a political allegory, entitled *Memoirs of the New Atlantis*, professedly translated from the Italian, but obviously intended to expose the names of some of the leading Whigs who figured about the time of the Revolution. A warrant having been issued for the arrest of the printer and publisher, she voluntarily presented herself at the Court of Queen's Bench, but, though kept some time in confinement, was ultimately discharged without trial. On the accession of the Tories to office, she became a Government pamphleteer, continuing the *Examiner* after it had been relinquished by Dean Swift. She died as the mistress of Alderman Barber, the Tory printer, in 1724.

At the commencement of the *New Atlantis*, the only work of Mrs. Manley's with which we are here concerned, the goddess Astrea—who was a very popular personage in the mythology of the last century, and had the honour of bestowing her poetical name on respectable Mrs. Behn—is supposed to return to earth, after a long absence, to see if human kind is "still as defective as when she in disgust forsook it." She accordingly alights on the cliffs of an island named Atlantis, which, though situated in the Mediterranean, is obviously intended for Great Britain. While she is admiring the prospect, and lamenting that the many scenes of enjoyment before her are bestowed on a corrupt race, "there arose, pensive and forlorn, a beautiful person, that sat near her, and who, knowing the divine Astrea, ran with open arms to embrace and call her daughter." This passage is curious, inasmuch as it shows that, in spite of the predilection for allegorical fables, there was really nothing like a picture in the mind of the writer. A person sitting near a lady out of doors, totally unobserved, and then running to embrace that lady, performs an operation that almost implies a contradiction in terms. But discrepancies of this sort never probably struck Mrs. Manley's readers. They perceived the general drift of her discourse, and that close reproduction of actuality which finds its extreme expression in what we now call "word-painting" had not come into vogue.

The "beautiful person" is Astrea's mother, Virtue, who, though she still retains her pristine charms, wears a "habit obsolete and torn, almost degenerated into tatters." Virtue would willingly have followed her daughter when the latter took her ancient flight from earth, but was prevented by Jupiter, who thought that the world ought not to be devoid of some show of goodness, and she is therefore well qualified to give information to Astrea. In the course of conversation we learn that, before her re-descent to earth, Astrea had visited the Lunar World, where she was greatly shocked by the misfortunes of an Emperor's daughter, "a masterpiece of nature for beauty, virtue, and sorrow," married to a mighty prince, who, "puffed up" with the vain hopes and pride of his new father's empire, put on the royal diadem and called himself king of a people who were oppressed and held in slavery by a nation more mighty than themselves. The enterprise was unfortunate; the prince, deserted first by his father-in-law, then by all his inferior allies, lost not only his new sovereignty, but his hereditary principality; and his wife, after wandering about with her wretched children, at last "refused" in her native court. The fruitlessness of this unhappy lady's endeavours to excite her countrymen to take up arms in her husband's cause so deeply offended Astrea that she betook herself to Jupiter, and told him how ill his Lunar World was governed. Jupiter received her in his "ambrosial arms," and consoled her with the assurance that the good queen should receive a double portion of bliss hereafter, and that, since her own countrymen had refused to arm in her defence, Bellona and the avenging Furies should take up their residence among them until a prince "descended from the beautifullest of her daughters" obtained a sovereignty over them. Till that happy period, all was to go wrong in the Lunar World, but the young prince was to restore happiness to his subjects, "putting an end to their sufferings with their vices by his own bright example, and leading them all into the

\* *Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of both Sexes.* From the *New Atlantis*, an Island in the Mediterranean. Written originally in Italian. Seventh Edition. Watcota: 1736.

glorious path of virtue and renown, from which they should begin to date their era of being a happy people."

Readers who cannot at once perceive that the above episode from the chronicles of the *Lunary World* points to the misfortunes of the Princess Elizabeth and her husband the Palatine, and the subsequent civil wars in England, are wholly unfit to read such works as the *New Atalantis*. But the very handsome way in which the Elector of Hanover is treated merits observation. The book is written in the reign of Queen Anne, and is mainly intended to "show up" the ruling Whigs; but the authoress, though working in the Tory interest, is determined not to lose her chance with the "coming man." Why she should have assigned those earlier events to the *Lunary World*, while the personages and incidents to which the body of the book refers are supposed to inhabit a terrestrial island, and thus both clumsily and needlessly destroy the consistency of her allegory, it is hard to conjecture. However, it seems in the very nature of allegory to lead those who employ it into contradictions. The *Fairy Queen* of Spenser abounds in incongruities, and John Bunyan, while he terminated Christian's mortal career by a figurative death, disposed of poor Faithful with material fire and faggot. In this lower or sublunary globe the arts and virtues are (according to *Astræa*) performed with more ostentation than in the *Lunary*, and the object of the goddess's visit is not only the gratification of her own curiosity, but also such a study of men and manners as will enable her fitly to educate the descendant of the unfortunate Princess of the Moon—that is to say, the Elector of Hanover.

Virtue and her daughter now set off to "see life," and the date of this expedition may be accurately fixed, as it commences immediately after the death of William III. (called Henriquez), whose body is lying at Kensington. Before they proceed to the capital, which is called Angela, they get into a boat and take a survey of the fleet. During this survey, Virtue tells the following anecdote of an old commander, who is intended for the Lord Torrington made so familiar to modern readers by Macaulay:—

Did you notice the old Signior, stretched at his length upon the crimson-damask couch? That youth he seemed so fond of was no other than a woman disguised. She was once in an engagement with the enemy; the young creature's fears, amidst the booming of the cannon, the cries of the wounded, the exultings of the victors, disordered her into fits. The Admiral, careless of the glory, or the preservation of the renown he formerly had acquired, forgetful of his nation's interest that was intrusted into hands so feeble, forbade them to advance, and so lost a considerable opportunity of taking or burning most of the enemy's ships, and suffered them to make off with the reputation of a victory, only to quiet the fears of a mistress beloved. How unpardonable was this dotage! What had Venus to do amidst the rough embraces of Bellona? She may indeed have a pretence, after the toil of battle, the fatigues of fight, to congratulate the deliverer, and applaud the performance of her warrior; to disrobe him of his cumbersome defensive and offensive ornaments; to sweeten the pains of Mars by the recompense of her smiles; to lead him covered with slaughter dust and distinction into the prepared bath; but in the midst of danger there is no business for her.

The mythologizing morality which concludes the story is eminently characteristic of the age.

As the goddesses approach the capital, they fall in with Intelligence, an allegorical personage, who is first Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princess Fame, and wears hieroglyphical garments. She is spreading in all haste the news of the King's death, having already been at the Court of the new Empress (Queen Anne), and left her to condole with her she-favourite (Duchess of Marlborough), over a bottle of sparkling champagne. Compelled by the two superior powers, she entrusts her ordinary business to an emissary, and henceforth becomes the chief source of information, conducting the goddess through the places most frequented by celebrated personages, and, Asmodeus-like, explaining their antecedents and peculiarities.

Now commences what may be called the book proper, which is composed of a number of stories, scarcely connected with each other save by the identity of the narrator and her hearers, and most of them more or less detrimental to the reputation of the persons to whom they relate. Thus we have an account of the rise of the Duke of Marlborough, called Count Fortunatus, described with scandalous details that richly fill up Macaulay's outline; a shameful account of the first Duke of Portland's seduction of his ward; an elaborate story relating to the family of the then Mr. Coke of Norfolk; a shocking tale of incest, in which the children of Lord Haversham are the principal figures—and so on, the weapon of personal slander being employed for political purposes, with a recklessness to which nothing in the present day can be compared. Mrs. Manley, in fact, does by writing what in modern society is done by talk only. Let some loungers of a fashionable club imagine that all the derogatory stories about great people which have come to his hearing have been set down in black and white just as they are told, without the slightest attempt to conceal the calumniated person beyond the employment of fictitious names which to a contemporary would present no veil at all, and he will have a tolerable notion of the *New Atalantis*.

Mrs. Manley's main object was to serve the Tories by damaging their political opponents; but there is no doubt that she also designed to gratify the depraved appetite of that portion of the public, always considerable, and particularly large in the time of the later Stuarts, which takes delight in indecent description. The narratives are, for the most part, in that tedious, inflated, colourless manner which renders the graver episodes of *Le Sage*, and even of Cervantes, somewhat hard reading; but when colour is attempted, it is almost always for the purpose of giving prominence to voluptuous details. The ostensible moral purport of the

book is, however, extremely high, and many of the authoress's observations are not only sound in themselves, but completely harmonize with the opinions formed by modern writers who have maturely studied the period she illustrates. For instance, Mrs. Manley and Macaulay might heartily shake hands on the subject of the Duke of Marlborough; while the lady's estimate of Churchill's moral and intellectual qualities is no bad specimen of her art of describing character, and of her frequently faulty composition:—

Here (in his passion for Sarah Jennings) all his precaution forsook him, that ally of fire, that passive moderation ever uppermost, and to which he has owed his greatest success; by this he has acquired those appearances of virtue that we find in him. 'Tis his easy phlegm that has suffered him, when at council, either of war or state, to permit, with the least show of uneasiness, even the lowest and worst favoured person to deliver his opinion at length, though never so opposite to his own. He weighs them all with deliberation, and yet remains fixed to his formed designs. Hence it is that even in the heat of fight he is not transported beyond his usual moderation; neither his griefs upon a disappointment are excessive, nor the exultings of his joy upon a victory. He neither cruelly punishes nor generously forgives; 'tis all a medium; and considering the extent of his power, he has both done the least mischief and the smallest good of any that ever possessed it. His flatterers cry up his courage, but it seems to me not so much inborn to him, as acquired; for certainly we may as well learn to be valiant as judicious. A proof of what I advance may be taken from always ducking his head at the sight of a bullet; the first apprehension is in his nature, and only to be controlled, not prevented by reason, which immediately comes in for a second and carries him safely through to glory, which all heroes should chiefly aim at. In short, he is excessive in nothing but his love of riches; whether ambition lies smothered beneath, and that he has some distant view, a depth of design, which not has yet had line enough to fathom.

Notwithstanding the party spirit of the authoress, William III. is generously treated. Virtue delivers the following oration over his dead body:—

Here lie the remains of the soul-departed monarch, who, after a reign full of perturbation and anxiety (applauded by most, yet condemned by many) is summoned by Mars to give an account of his administration. By this time he has received his sentence, and knows whether he was in the right or wrong. Who can decide if his ambition or love to mankind was his chief motive to good? Would he have relieved the oppressed, combated tyranny and arbitrary government, so often hazarded his life in battle, if his own particular [sic] had not been involved with the public? Yet shall his memory be ever dear to those people he has delivered, ranked among their best and most fortunate monarchs, having fewer of their vices and more of their virtues. War was his pleasure; war was his employment. While he followed the true interest of his country at the head of his army, he suffered two great and potent factions to break themselves against one another; calm and serene, like great Jove upon Olympus too, he wisely involved himself with neither. Free from the servile arts with which other monarchs have been found to cajole their people, he yet found the happy secret to draw from them with alacrity and goodwill more treasure than in some ages had been bestowed upon the whole series of kings his predecessors. Rest in peace, oh glorious shade! May all thy defects, as thou wert mortal, be atoned for by those performances of thine that were more than mortal!

Between Sir Richard Steele and Mrs. Manley there was a personal animosity, and the following description of a man who is commonly petted by modern literati may be read with interest in an age overgiven to whitewashing. On their way through Hyde Park, which is called the "Prado," Intelligence thus points out popular "Dickey" to her august companion:—

D'ye see that black beau (stuck up in a post-chariot, thickset, his eyes sunk in his head, hanging eyebrows, broad face, and tallow complexion. I long to inform myself if the coach be his own; he cannot yet sure pretend to that. He's called Monsieur le Ingrat [sic], he shapes his manners to his name and is exquisitely so in all he does; has an inexhaustible fund of dissimulation, and does not belie the country he was born in, which is famed for falsehood and insincerity; has a world of wit and genteel repartee. He's a poet too, and was very favourably received by the town, especially in his first performance (the *Funeral*), when, if you will take my opinion, he exhausted most of his stock; for what he has since produced seem [sic] but faint copies of that agreeable original. Though he's a most incorrect writer, he pleases in spite of the faults we see and own. . . . I remember him almost the other day, but a wretched common trooper. He had the luck to write a small poem and dedicate it to a person whom he never saw, a lord (Cutts) that's since dead, who had a sparkling genius, much of humanity, loved the muses, and was a very good soldier. He encouraged his performance, took him into his family, and gave him a standard in his regiment. The genteel company that he was let into, assisted by his own genius, wiped off the rust of education; he began to polish his manners, to refine his conversation, and in fact to fit himself for something better than what he had been used to. His morals were loose, his principles nothing but pretence, and a firm resolution of making his fortune, at what rate soever; but, because he was far from being at ease that way, he covered all by a most profound dissimulation, not in his practice, but in his words; not in his actions, but his pen; when he affected to be extreme [sic] religious, at the same time he had two different creatures lying-in of base children by him.

The four volumes of which the work is composed were evidently published at intervals, and as the dedication of the third contains a letter from Sir Richard Steele dated in 1719, it is obvious that the prosecution mentioned above referred to the earlier portions. Indeed, after the second volume, the form of the book is completely changed. *Astræa* and her mother vanish from the scene, and a history written by "Eginardus, Secretary and Favourite to Charles the Great, King of the Franks," is the professed source of the *Memoirs*, which begin altogether anew. Charles the Great, whom Mrs. Manley has the grace not to call by the French name which of late has been so readily accepted, is intended for Louis XIV.; and altogether the latter half of the *New Atalantis* is more serious and political than the earlier—an account of Poland, called *Samatia*, occupying a considerable space.

Were it not for the prurient passages with which the *New Atalantis* unfortunately abounds, it would be well worth re-editing, as an illustration of the times in which it was written; especially as there does not seem to be any edition altogether fitted for modern use. The one before us is the seventh, published in 1736, and it is supplied with marginal notes, informing us that Count Fortunatus is the "Duke of M—lborough" and so on. This



dashing sort of information was all very well, or rather perhaps very ill, in its way, twelve years after Mrs. Manley's death, but a lapse of one hundred and thirty years renders it unsatisfactory when it refers to stars of inferior magnitude. Moreover the annotator is capricious, and it by no means follows that, because he has told us who is meant by Horatio, he will be equally communicative with respect to Laertes. To do Mrs. Manley justice, a very careful editor, with great annotating power, is required; but what grave man of letters will have moral courage enough to introduce so very lax a lady among the chaste subjects of Queen Victoria?

## GREEN'S SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.\*

(Second Notice.)

THE name of Coleridge cannot be to the generation now rising what it was to the generation which is passing away. Thirty years ago it was thought scarcely an exaggeration when De Quincy called him, in his memoir of Coleridge published in *Tait's Magazine*, "the largest and most spacious intellect that has ever yet existed among men." A whole generation sat at Coleridge's feet as their spiritual instructor, in a way in which no generation again will ever be influenced by a single man. Looking back to that time we understand the secret of his power. It was that he had the field to himself. True, there were able and respected writers not a few, teachers accredited and teachers unaccredited, orthodox and unorthodox. There was Paley, Gisborne, and Mant, and, above all, Burke; Aikin, Dugald Stewart, and the *Edinburgh Review*. All these were good in their way, and commanded large audiences. But what could they do for us? Give us sound advice on the conduct of life, form our taste to correctness, and imbue us with proper sentiments. But Coleridge could touch the mind. He alone brought us face to face with the Infinite. He had, for a time, a monopoly of spiritual philosophy. This was what the generous youth of England were longing for after their hundred years' confinement in an atmosphere of arid rationalism. True that the fountains of thought had been broken up on the Continent, before Coleridge, by Kant and Kant's successors. But the Continent was closed to us, and we did not read German in those days. Coleridge's voice was to us an inspired voice. We were too much wrapt up in what he had to say to us to pay any attention to the pedantic dispute as to whether he had or had not plagiarized from Schelling. Coleridge spoke home to us in a way in which no one else did.

The orthodoxy and the deism of the eighteenth century were equally rationalistic. Spiritual philosophy was unknown to either party. The deists were occupied in proving that sound reason admitted of no further truths in that direction than the truths of natural religion. The orthodox were equally busy in showing that the doctrines of Christianity had nothing in them that conflicted with reason. The same principles of reason were assumed by both the disputants, who never convinced each other. It was a drawn battle, waged with scoff and sarcasm on the one side, with denunciation and vituperation on the other. Coleridge, a layman, and disadvantageously known for a foolish copy of Jacobinical verses, arose at the close of the fray, and proclaimed that, so far were the revealed doctrines of Christianity from needing to be vindicated from any charge of incompatibility with reason, that they were themselves the expression of the highest reason, that they were part and parcel of the intuitive ideas of humanity. From that moment the war of evidences ceased. The whole theological literature of England for a century was made obsolete by that single dictum.

Without recurring in thought to that period it is impossible to appreciate the two volumes of *Spiritual Philosophy* now published by Mr. Simon. Had they appeared in 1815 they would have made an epoch in English thought. Appearing in 1865, they must be content to pass into oblivion at once. At most they have a biographical interest, as the fullest record of Coleridge's thoughts—of his great work on the evidences which was to supersede all evidences. That work is done, and the religious curiosity of our day has gathered itself about other problems. Not that the question of the relation of philosophy to religion is one of less interest than it was. On the contrary, the limits of reason and revelation constitute the subject of the very debate that has come to the front in these latter days, but it is under forms unknown to Coleridge's time, and to which Coleridge's treatment is inapplicable. Consequently the whole book has an air of the past about it—the past that is passed by, not the past that is venerable.

The whole of Vol. I. is taken up with laying down principles of logic and laws of mind to be used as the basis of Vol. II. The most material of these laws or principles are the following:—The Kantian distinction, which recurs in all Coleridge's writings, between the *Understanding*, as the faculty of experience, and the speculative *Reason* which gives *a priori* truth; that the substance or self of each individual lies in the Will; that the Will is a causative power, or productive efficient of change; that every Will by its very nature tends to be absolute, but, in striving to assert itself in its own particularity, arrives at a point where it finds that such striving of a particular Will to be absolute is self-contradictory. The Will may be considered in its individual sphere, and then it has Thoughts, Volitions, and Feelings as its states, is connected with a body,

and is subject to the actual conditions of its present sphere of being. But the Will must also be considered as the principle of our spiritual being in its ideal integrity, abstracted from all the hindrances and imperfections which obscure its essential character. This fundamental distinction forms the transition from metaphysics to religion, for in it we are to recognise St. Paul's contrast of the "natural" with the "spiritual" man.

The second volume of *Spiritual Philosophy* enters upon the proof that the doctrines, first, of Natural, and then of the Christian, religion are part of the original constitution of the human mind, and are implied in the gift of Reason. The first truth of all religion is the existence of God. Here the *Spiritual Philosophy* lays down, first, the nature and attributes of God, and then how we come to know Him. God is the Idea of absolute spiritual integrity contemplated objectively—the highest form of spiritual integration, an absolute and perfect Will. And as we cannot conceive any Will except under the conception of personality—as the term Will loses all significance when divided from conscious predetermination, intention, deliberation, judgment—therefore God is apprehended by us, not merely abstractedly as absolute Will, but personally as the Divine Author causative of all reality. The difficulty occurring here—namely, that Personality involves limitation—is got rid of by the observation that Absolute Will cannot be otherwise conceived than as "se finiens," so far finite as by its own will it determines itself to be. The Absolute Will in the act of self-penoncy, which constitutes the personality of the Divine Nature, does not and cannot affirm Himself to be finite. As to the proof of the Divine existence and attributes, the ontological and other proofs are rejected, and the being of God is declared to be its own evidence. It is an immediate revelation to the mind. The idea of God is in fact itself the truth-power which actuates man to his moral self-integration. We acknowledge the objective being of God when we are conscious of being actuated by the indwelling presence and operance of the Idea. The Idea reveals itself in quickening the human soul. The gift of reason or the communication of the idea of God is claimed far more universally; but not any and every man has the power of contemplating this transcendent idea in its perfect integrity; the degree of apprehension will depend upon the individual's will to accept or to resist the boon of life and light which is incessantly proffered him. Whoever wants, but by reason of his pravity cannot supply, and yet finds at work within him, in order to the complement of his being, the Idea of spiritual integrity, becomes conscious of the power and presence of God. The objection that an absolute being is incognisable is met by denying that relation is limitation. But upon the controversy with Sir W. Hamilton and Professor Mansel the author will not enter, because they employ "principles of philosophical reasoning wholly different from mine," and because "ideas are wholly beyond Mansel's sphere of thought, his reasonings moving only in the sphere of logical conceptions."

Proceeding to meditate on the idea of God, the Reason will necessarily conceive Him under three relations—Ipsely, Alterity, and Community; the doctrine of the Trinity being as much a truth of reason as it is of tradition.

From the nature of the human Will, as laid down by the *Spiritual Philosophy*, it is easy to see how that philosophy will deduce the origin of evil and the recovery or redemption. The human Will, in its present temporal existence as a self-penoncy will, always striving to realize itself in the particularity of a self, is always, in principle and practice, at variance with the Divine Will. This is the proclivity to evil—a tendency to frustrate the disposition to purity and goodness which is no less implanted in man. The regeneration of the Will consists in the particular Will being won over to will only that which, under like circumstances, may be universally willed—to conform itself to the universal Will, when the tendency of the human Will to spiritual integrity overcomes its tendency to assert its own particularity as absolute. To this eternal possibility inherent in every Will of willing itself to be antagonistic to the Divine Will is referred the Fall of the Angels. These fallen spirits, though deprived of true being, still remain as a malignant spirit of evil. But the evil which the infection of Hades tends to generate cannot become actual except by consent of the individual Will who allows himself to be possessed by it, and is powerless as long as the Will opposes the demoniacal possession. The recovery is the work of the Logos, or universal Reason present in every soul, converting the self-lust of the Will into self-denial. The idea of Redemption became historical, or was refilled in time, in the Incarnation. Christ was that eminently which every man, as a Son of God, ought to be and might be. The miracles were signs of the Divine Presence. They are not evidences of the mission, as they speak only to those who are already believers. We need the fact to confirm the idea, but we cannot infer the idea from the fact.

This outline of *Spiritual Philosophy*, meagre as it is, is almost all the tangible statement we can extract out of the windy and stilted phraseology of a whole volume. The reader, however, may be curious to know how it deals with the three doctrines of Christianity which have been felt most to conflict with the moral reason—namely, Original Sin, the Sacrifice of Christ's Death, and Eternal Punishment. On Original Sin *Spiritual Philosophy* confesses that it has to deviate considerably from the theory of St. Augustin adopted by the Church. The history recorded in the first chapters of Genesis is the history of mankind. The Fall is the more or less rapid degeneration of the race. Christ's death on the cross may fitly be regarded as a sacrifice; for in it was that which gives the only real significance to all sacrifices—self-denial

\* *Spiritual Philosophy*; founded on the Teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By the late Joseph Henry Green, F.R.S., D.C.L. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author's Life, by John Simon, F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1865.

for others. As to future punishment, *Spiritual Philosophy* holds a middle course between Calvinism and Universalism. Calvinism, in order to vindicate the abstract conception of Omnipotence, condemns nearly the whole human race to everlasting torment. Universalism cannot but create a false and delusive security; and both, by holding out a promise of eternal life other than by practical holiness, are injurious to the interests of morality. Yet the doctrine of Universalism has its golden side, if stated with due reserve; for though it cannot be an article of faith consistently with the end and aim of religion, there may, and ought to be, a hope that all mankind will be saved. "Who shall say that the most reprobate of sinners, under all the circumstances of ignorance, temptation, example and vicious habit, constitutional frailty and overpowering passions, may not have done, proportionally to his capabilities, what may render his calling effectual?"

To deny that Christianity is capable of a philosophical exposition is suicidal in Protestants, as it would drive all Christians upon the only other alternative—the authority of an infallible Church, concrete in a human head. But it is a task reserved for the future, as, notwithstanding the numerous attempts from the time of the Gnostics and St. Clement of Alexandria downwards, there is not one which has attained any great reputation. In our own country, especially, every attempt is valuable, however imperfect, to rescue the treatment of religious subjects from the routine repetition of stereotyped conventionalities which congregations, Sunday after Sunday, expect without curiosity and listen to without edification.

#### THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.\*

IT would save reviewers a great deal of trouble if some effective plan were discovered for representing the merit of novelists by marks, on the system adopted for different purposes at the University. Taking, for example, Sir Walter Scott as deserving 100, and assuming G. P. R. James to stand at the zero point, we could summarily criticize other writers by setting them down as worth 50 or 25 marks. To a very large number of novels we should doubtless have to prefix a negative sign. There is, however, one evident difficulty. Examiners, by virtue of their superhuman intelligence, have succeeded in discovering a common measure between Sanskrit, mathematics, metaphysics, English law, and a variety of heterogeneous acquirements. They know, by some process of reasoning unintelligible to the vulgar, how to compare a youth who receives half-marks in Latin with one who gets two-thirds in French and a quarter in Greek. But no critic, so far as we are aware, has yet told us what is the relative merit of a second-rate domestic and a first-rate sensation novel. Indeed, the domain of modern romance has not as yet undergone the necessary preliminary operation of being properly surveyed and mapped. To find what riflemen call the "figure of merit" of a novelist would be insufficient, unless we could accurately describe his exact geographical position in the literary world. We want to know, not merely his height above the dead level of ordinary writers, but the zone in which he is to be placed. Scott and James, to take our former illustration, aim at much the same objects in their historical novels. If Scott's merits were to be typified by the altitude of Mont Blanc, James would be rightly placed at his feet somewhere in the valley of Chamouni; and Bulwer, in right of the *Last of the Barons*, might be raised to the Montanvert, or, by his most ardent admirers, perhaps as high as the Breven. But, to give an estimate of Thackeray's merits, we should have to resort to another chain of eminences altogether. We make these remarks, as preparatory to a critical estimate of the *Clyffards of Clyffe*, because it is somewhat difficult to define precisely the class of novels with which it should be associated. If we were to attend only to certain scenes, we should be tempted to put it down in the condemned land, an assignment to which is equivalent to condemning a writer to a critical Botany Bay—the sensation-novel district. But as the term "sensation novel" is often used as conveying a decided condemnation, implying that the author makes use of false means of art, we could not fairly pronounce such a sentence. The *Clyffards of Clyffe* has some very considerable merits, which may be effectually pleaded in mitigation. We should, therefore, place it in the border-land which separates the sensation novel proper from the romance. It is true that this is a dangerous position. In novels, as in other works of art, there is a strong tendency at present to realism; and the author who is bold enough to attempt a romance is apt to be misunderstood, and condemned without further notice. Moreover, he is certainly under a strong temptation to trespass into forbidden paths. A would-be satirist is apt to degenerate into caricature; an attempt at poetical prose is very apt to lead to unmitigated fine writing; and the ambitious man who tries to balance himself upon the narrow line which separates the romantic from the ridiculous is exceedingly apt to fall upon the other side. We shall show that the author of the *Clyffards of Clyffe* has more than once suffered this unfortunate accident. It would be very unfair, however, to set him down amongst confirmed sinners. His occasional lapses from the strict path of virtue should be noted, but he deserves, on the whole, to receive an excellent character; and the more so because, whatever faults may be found with him, he has undeniably the merit of being amusing.

We will take his sins first. The worst effect of sensational "proclivities" is, as a rule, their effect upon a novelist's characters, and for a simple reason. The scenery and the plot

of such novels may be respectable; descriptions of external scenery are often the better for being in strong colours; and the plot must of necessity have the merit of unity, and, if possible, of simplicity. But the description of characters requires calmness, and a deliberate and delicate touch. Miss Austen's refined painting, for example, would be incompatible with the necessities of a sensation writer; he could not spare the time, nor put up with the quiet situations in which character can be best indicated. Thus, the men and women in the *Clyffards of Clyffe* are compelled, by the exigencies of the story, to be either angels or devils. In fact, there is a broader line of demarcation between the two classes than there is, according to our great national authority, Milton, between the classes to whom we have compared them. Satan, in *Paradise Lost*, shows many qualities with which every one sympathizes; but Mr. Gideon Carr of the Dene appears to be unredeemed by a single approach to a virtue. To say nothing of his avarice and his cowardice, and his habitual cruelty as keeper of a madhouse, he sets about murdering a gentleman and his wife and infant daughter with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur in the profession. He reminds us of the venerable "Toad-in-the-hole" in De Quincey's *Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*, and his principal recorded performance would have struck with enthusiasm the Club described in that essay who received the Mar murders with the excitement of sculptors discovering a fresh statue of the best Greek ages. Such men occasionally exist, in all probability. Mr. Palmer and a few amiable rivals of his seem to testify to the possibility of a morbid condition in which the human heart becomes preternaturally callous. But we should hope that they are not often found in families. Now Mr. Carr possesses a sister who is simply Mr. Carr in petticoats, or rather more so; and this amiable couple have a younger brother, who only differs from them in being a more unmitigated scoundrel than either of his amiable relatives. In order to throw some light upon the character of the trio, we need only mention a scene, of which we shall give neither the antecedents nor the dénouement, because, as we shall presently remark, the story deserves that no hint should be given towards an indiscreet revelation of its details. We will simply request our readers to imagine a perpendicular—or, as Alpine travellers would say, an absolutely overhanging—chalk cliff; and here we will make the passing remark that there is a trifling inaccuracy in the scenery. The events which we are about to relate could not possibly have taken place in the chalk formation; they would be appropriate to some of the granite cliffs on which fowls do, in fact, pursue their perilous trade, according to the very lively descriptions of the author. To proceed, however; on the top of the cliff is Mr. Gideon Carr, the aforesaid. A few feet below, "with his nails dug into the soft chalk, and his feet striving for and even attaining a temporary hold," is the virtuous hero, who, we need hardly remark, has just been treacherously pushed over the edge by Mr. Carr. A long conversation takes place between the villain and the hero, in which the villain explains with much detail the arrangements by which he has managed—and, indeed, with considerable skill—that the crime shall be naturally taken for an accident; and he further explains a supplementary plan by which he intends, on the following day, to provide with equal care for the destruction of the wife and child of the victim, interspersing his explanation with appropriate reflections in every way worthy of the occasion, and speculations as to the length of time during which the virtuous hero will probably be able to support himself. We would not on any account, as we have already said, give the solution of this truly dramatic situation. We will only remark that no man can, even in a novel, hold on very long to a chalk cliff by his eyelids; that even heroes must be supposed to have broken every bone in their bodies when they have disappeared over the edge of a cliff some hundred feet high; but that there are occasionally very curious holes in the face of chalk cliffs, and that heroes in novels sometimes perform very remarkable gymnastic feats, besides having proverbially as many lives as a cat.

The little incident which we have narrated will perhaps suggest that the villains in this novel are of a resolute, not to say a sanguinary, type of character. And (although we must in justice say that this is the most startling incident in the book) they are, in fact, rather extravagantly wicked in their course of action. But, although it requires decidedly sensational personages to bring about incidents of this startling nature, it does not follow that the story is a bad one. Indeed, we may say that, granting certain necessary assumptions, it is remarkably good. When we are reading the *Arabian Nights*, we are not shocked by Sindbad discovering a valley full of diamonds, and being carried off tied to the leg of a roc. It is the sort of thing which, for aught we know, might very probably happen to Sindbad. In a very mitigated degree, with the company to which we are introduced in the *Clyffards*, we are similarly prepared for rather startling incidents. The main point is, that the plot should be intelligible and skilfully developed. Now the first two volumes of the *Clyffards* have this merit to a high degree. In the last volume, the unravelling of the story is rather spoiled by an unfortunate device. Certain anonymous letters begin to drop in upon the virtuous people, tending to promise relief in their misfortunes. The author was probably too soft-hearted not to give us gleams of hope; he started back, like one of the Passions in Collins's Ode, even at the dangers himself had conjured up; but the consequence is, unfortunately, that the practised novel-reader immediately begins to anticipate the arrival of an avenger, and has certain suspicions as to his identity. Making allowance, however, for this drawback, we have little else to complain of in the conduct of the story. The principal performers are always kept before

\* The *Clyffards of Clyffe*. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.



us; they appear to be in constantly increasing danger; and the catastrophe is brought about very fairly and neatly at the end of the third volume. The simple-hearted class of readers, those who take an interest in any heroine with limpid blue eyes and masses of golden hair and every virtue under heaven, and are ready to accept the virtues on the word of the author without seeing any particular exemplification of them by overt acts, may read the book with satisfaction. They will be duly harrowed up by an accumulation of dangers threatening their friends, will see the dangers cleverly removed without any unfair coincidences, and be pleased by an excellent distribution of poetic justice.

So far, we should be scarcely justified in praising the *Clyffards*, except as a favourable example of the sensation novel. It has, however, other merits, which induce us to admit, with some reserve, its claims to the more respectable name of romance. It is written in a good style, with very little affectation, except in the rather stilted language which the author thinks it necessary to bestow upon his actors. They have an unpleasant tendency to talk something like blank-verse—to say "thou" instead of "you," and "tarry" instead of "stay," especially when they are clinging to the faces of chalk cliffs. But the author's natural style is animated, and in moments when he is not intent upon working upon our feelings he can give excellent descriptions both of scenery and of character. The subordinate performers who have the simpler parts to perform in the tragedy are pleasant and natural sketches. They have time to be natural, and can talk like men and women in everyday life. And, therefore, we may not only give the *Clyffards* the praise of being a very readable novel, but also assume that the author might do something better. In his last novel, *Married Beneath Him*, he gave some much more forcible descriptions of character, because he was painting from real life, not for theatrical effect. On the other hand, his plot was comparatively weak and disconnected. If he could contrive to combine the two merits, and to give us a plot as good as that of the *Clyffards*, with people as well described as those in *Married Beneath Him*, he might produce that rarity, a really good novel.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. HASTINGS, the Rector of Trowbridge, denies the correctness of a report, quoted by us last week from a paragraph in the *Bath Express*, of language alleged to have been used by him to Mr. WALSH, the incumbent of Trinity District Church in that town. Mr. HASTINGS says that he "never, directly nor indirectly, used any language" such as that attributed to him by the *Bath Express*. "I never said I would drive him" (Mr. Walsh) "out of the parish." "I will use all means, legal and illegal, to hunt him off [sic] this place," "I will make the place too hot for you." We readily give publicity to Mr. HASTINGS' denial of the statement referred to. As regards ourselves, we have only to say that we quoted the exact words of the *Bath Express*.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (OPERA COMPANY, Limited).**—Last Week before Christmas. Positively the last Four Nights of the African this season. Last Two Nights of *Le Domino Noir*. Production of Mr. Charles Sedley's New Opera, in One Act, entitled *Christmas Eve*.—On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Meyerbeer's grand and highly successful Opera, *L'AFRICAIN*. Miss Louise Payne, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madlle. Ida Gillett, and Mrs. A. Cook; Messrs. Charles Adams, Henry Haigh, J. G. Pater, Ellis, C. Lyall, E. Duncak, and Alberto Laurence.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. On Wednesday and Friday, *CHRISTMAS EVE*. Madame F. Lancia, Madame E. Heywood; Mr. A. Cook, and Mr. David Miranda (his first appearance). To conclude with Aubert's celebrated Opera, *LE DOMINO NOIR*. Miss Louise Payne, Mesdames Thirwall, Lefler, and A. Cook; Messrs. Henry Haigh, A. Cook, C. Lyall, E. Duncak, and J. G. Pater. On Boxing Night, December 21, will be presented, on a scale of unprecedented splendour, a New Comic Christmas Fantomime, entitled *ALADDIN and the WONDERFUL LAMP*, or *Harlequin and the Flying Palace*. The Grand Transformation Scene invented and painted by Mr. T. Grieve. A Morning Performance of the Fantomime will be given every Wednesday and Saturday, at Two o'clock.—Tickets may be secured in advance without charge for booking.—Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray; Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.

**MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED**, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, will appear in a PECULIAR FAMILY. After which Mr. PARRY will give his MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS (last time on Wednesday). Thursday, MRS. ROSELEA's LITTLE EVENING PARTY. Every Evening (except Saturdays) at Eight. Saturday, at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 11, Regent Street.

**MR. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL** (Last Week but One), at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in their New Entertainment, RIFLES ON THE LAKE, and the "Living Photograph" of Mr. Sims Reeves in "Come into the Garden, Maud," and "White Doves."—A New Comic Christmas Fantomime, entitled *ALADDIN and the WONDERFUL LAMP*, or *Harlequin and the Flying Palace*. The Grand Transformation Scene invented and painted by Mr. T. Grieve. A Morning Performance of the Fantomime will be given every Wednesday and Saturday, at Two o'clock.—Tickets may be secured in advance without charge for booking.—Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray; Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Communications to the Director, addressed in Hanover Square, will be attended to in the absence of the Director. Florence, November 28. J. ELLA.

**STODARE—TWO HUNDRED and SIXTY-THIRD REPRESENTATION—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL—MARVELS in MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM**, as performed by command before Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, at Windsor Castle, Tuesday Evening, November 21, 1865.—Great Sensation created by the SPYX, a Mystery; the Instantaneous Growth of Flower-trees, and the Real Indian Basket Trick, as only performed by Colonel STODARE. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturday at Three. Stalls at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. "Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 18, 1863.

**SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretaries.

**SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW of CATTLE, SHEEP, and PIGS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS and SEEDS.**—On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, December 11, 12, 13, 14.

**SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, Agricultural Hall.** Open Monday, December 11.—Admission, First Day, 1s.

**CATTLE SHOW, Agricultural Hall.**—The SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW contains an Epitome of the best British Live Stock in CATTLE, SHEEP, and PIGS.—Admission, Monday, after Two p.m. (Private View), 5s.; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 1s.

**SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, Agricultural Hall,** contains—in CATTLE: Shorthorns, Herefords, Devons, Sussex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Longhorns, Highlanders, Friesians, Horned Scots, Irish, Welsh, and Half-breds. In SHEEP: Lancashire, South Down, Cotswolds, Lincoln, Shropshire Down, Hampshire Down, West Country Down, Kentish, Kyrland, Herdwick, Cheviot, Dorset, Black-faced, Scotch, &c. In PIGS: Large, Medium, and Small; White, Black, and Black and White Bacon Hogs and small Porkers from all Countries.

**WINTER EXHIBITION.**—The Thirteenth Annual WINTER EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of British Artists, is now OPEN at the French Gallery, 130 Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Comptoir.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

LEON LEVEYRE, Secretary.

**WINTER EXHIBITION**, under the Superintendence of Mr. WALLIS, removed from the French Gallery to the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, is now OPEN from Nine until Five o'clock Daily.—Admission, 1s.

**EXETER THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.** Visitor—The Lord Bishop of EXETER. Council—The Dean and Chapter of EXETER. Principal—The Rev. R. C. FASCOE, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.—This College is designed for Graduates of the Universities who desire to prepare themselves for Ordination.—For particulars apply to the Rev. the Principal of the Theological College, the Close, Exeter.

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Subwarden—Rev. T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.

There is a Large Staff of Resident Masters, principally Graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. French and German are taught by Resident Foreign Masters. Pupils are prepared in the Upper School for the Universities, and for the Woolwich, Sandhurst, and all other Competitive Examinations. There is a Modern Department, in which attention is chiefly given to the ordinary subjects of an English Education and to Modern Languages. The Buildings are large and convenient, with excellent Playgrounds attached. There are Four Scholarships at £30 a year each, tenable at and only to the Pupils of the School.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Honorary Secretaries, and Applications, with Testimonials, must be addressed to the Chairman of the Directors, 18 Trinity House Lane, Hull, on or before January 15, 1866.

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